SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE FROM CUBA.—[See Pages 261-262.]

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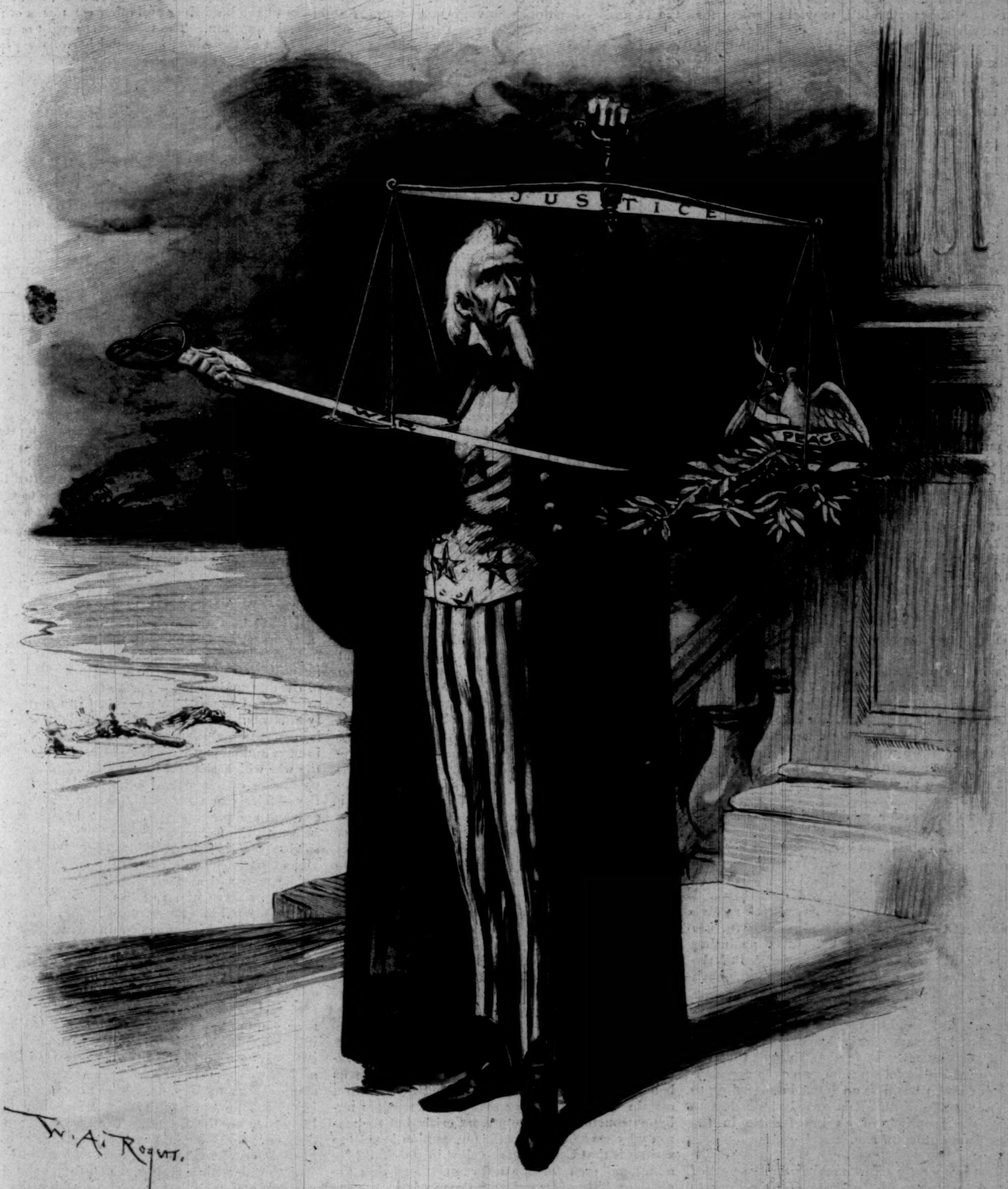

AN EXAMPLE TO ALL NATIONS.

"It will be worthy of a free, enlightened, and at no distant period a great Nation, to give to mankind the magnanimous and too novel example of a People always guided by an exalted justice and benevolence."—GEORGE WASHINGTON.

HARPER'S WEEKLY
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IT is sincerely to be hoped that the Senate members of the Conference Committee on the bankruptcy bill will agree to accept the House measure. The Senate bankruptcy bill, providing solely for voluntary bankruptcy, is of no value whatever, as no bankruptcy legislation can be which does not provide the means by which the property of an unwilling bankrupt may be divided among his creditors. The question between the two Houses is: Shall the law be entirely in the aid of debtors, or shall it favor just creditors against dishonest and incompetent debtors, and shall it aid honest debtors to make a settlement and take a new start in business? The Senate bill is for the relief of debtors. The House bill is for the just relief of both creditors and debtors.

THERE is at last a disposition to believe that Lord SALISBURY'S diplomacy has not been so very bad for Great Britain. Thus far by avoiding war he has lost nothing for the empire, and by securing the loan for China he has kept control of her customs receipts; in western Africa he has maintained British control against the encroachments of the French without bloodshed, and his Egyptian expedition is moving on its way toward Khartoum with every prospect of success, if MENELEK keeps his word and remains friendly to the English. What he has lost, however, is the respect of those who believe that England by a bold effort might have put an end to the Armenian outrages, might have taken Crete from the Turks, and might have saved Greece from her unfortunate war.

THERE is an effort making at Albany by the two present rulers of the State of New York, CROKER and PLATT, to suppress political discussion, the expression of public opinion, and especially criticism upon them, either by picture or text, in the newspapers. We have not taken much interest in the performance mainly because we believe that however strong the bosses may be, the United States in the nineteenth century will not tolerate the revival of the despot. Moreover, the Constitution stands in the way, and is still stronger than the bosses. We are glad now to note, however, that the issue has embittered the contest between CROKER and DAVID B. HILL for the control of the Democratic party, although it is to be regretted that once more we are reminded that DAVID B. HILL is at present probably the ablest and purest statesman that New York possesses.

A NEGRO postmaster was killed in South Carolina the other day. He was idle, worthless, and negligent of his duty, but the reason for his killing was that he was a negro. It may be, as is contended, that the whites of the South will never permit negroes to hold office, and that they will kill any who are unfortunate enough to receive appointments. It may follow also, as is further contended, that the President and other appointing powers should not outrage the prejudices of the whites of the South, and give occasion for such crimes by making such appointments. Nevertheless, it remains true that the whites who engage in the crimes, and who kill negroes because they are made postmasters, are utter barbarians and unfit for self-government. It further follows that the nation in which such things happen even occasionally has enough business on hand in attending to its domestic affairs, and it is grossly immodest to suggest the propriety of its interference in the affairs of foreign countries.

THERE is a strong effort making on the part of Democratic leaders of the State of New York to force the coming campaign to turn upon State issues. Mr. CROKER has made a speech to the Tammany Hall Executive Committee, in which he has dismissed the currency question for the moment, and has ordered his party to take up the question of monopolies. He means to advocate Tammany control of gas companies, and of corporations furnishing the public with transportation and other means of communication. This purpose alone would be worth while discussing with Mr. CROKER. It is a question whether Tammany control would be better for the people than the alleged greedy control of the owners of existing properties. But as to the money question, we fancy that Mr. CROKER will find it a very difficult one to dismiss. We are quite inclined to believe, whatever might be the merits of Mr. CROKER'S platform, that if he could dismiss the money question the Republicans would come very far from carrying the State at the next election. But that question cannot possibly be left out of any political campaign so long as there is danger from Bryanism, and Bryanism now means the regular Democracy.

MR. RICHARD CROKER has notified the Tammany members of the Assembly that they are expected to vote for the resolution to submit a constitutional amendment providing for biennial sessions of the Legislature, and thereby incidentally chided the Tammany Senators who voted against the resolution. It is undoubtedly true that biennial, or even triennial, or, better still, quadrennial sessions of such Legislatures as we have been having lately would be better not only for the city, on account of whose revenues Mr. CROKER is especially solicitous, but for the State also. But it is a serious question, after all, that is presented by this resolution, and one that will bear some thought. Why are the bosses of the two parties, PLATT and CROKER, in favor of biennial sessions? Of course this is not a reason why intelligent men should oppose biennial sessions; but these bosses may think, as we are inclined to think, that the decidedly strong feeling existing against them throughout the State is due to constantly recurring annual political campaigns, in which their misdeeds and their bad characters are vigorously discussed. There is a great deal of value still in eternal vigilance, and if Mr. PLATT and Mr. CROKER are ever to be driven out of power, it will be by reason of the knowledge imparted to the people as to their characters and their methods, and this knowledge is imparted in political campaigns. When a brisk movement is going on against corruption, it is not well to take any step that will suspend it.

LAST Thursday the House of Representatives, by a vote of 162 to 119, laid the LOUD bill upon the table. This defeats a most excellent measure, which a year ago was passed by the House of Representatives by a vote of 144 to 104. The bill thus defeated was intended to prevent continued loss of revenue by abuses of the second-class rate; but the House of Representatives not only prefers, apparently, that the privilege shall continue to be abused, and that the government shall still be at a large expense for the single purpose of aiding publishers and others to increase their business by the circulation of sample copies and advertising papers. The bill simply provided that publications not contemplated by Congress when it enacted the law providing for second-class postal matter shall not, by indirection, reap advantages that were not intended for them, but that were intended for subscribers to regular periodicals. The whole deficiency in the revenues of the Post-Office Department is due to this abuse of second-class postage rates by publishers of advertising sheets, and of books issued serially, of trade journals, and of other publications intended to advance the pecuniary interests of those who issue them. In other words, it costs the government about $10,000,000 a year thus to promote private interests. The LOUD bill sought to put an end to this wrong state of affairs, which, among other things, prevents the adoption of a general one-cent rate for letter postage. In view of the condition of the public revenues, it would seem as if Congress ought eagerly to take advantage of so proper an opportunity for saving expenses; but Congress apparently is not yet inclined to take economy into consideration.

WE are inclined to think that the reported preparations of the government for war are not so serious as some of the newspapers would have us believe. It is undoubtedly true that there is to a certain extent a making ready for a possible unhappy conclusion of the present crisis, but the reason why we believe that the preparation is not too serious is that Congress is so slow in providing for additional men for the navy and in passing the artillery bill. Moreover, the army is in a very bad condition, and if real preparations for war were being made, and the administration thought that real danger was facing it, reorganization would be necessary at once. Many other things: the engineer and ordnance corps would necessarily be put under the command of the general commanding the army; for not only are they not now under his command, but they seem to take great pleasure in thwarting his purposes. A few days ago, for example, some artillery soldiers were ordered to a certain post by General MILES for the purpose of learning to manage the modern guns there. But the post is in charge of the engineer corps, and the engineer officer in command has thus far failed to permit the soldiers to learn how to use the guns with which they will have to fight in case of war. Of course this engineer officer does not believe that there is any danger, immediate or remote. In view of these facts, we think we are justified in saying that there is more noise than preparation.

IT has come to our knowledge, from excellent authority, that one of the sensational newspapers of New York city which have been exciting the warlike passions of the people has deliberately and purposely engaged in the effort to bring about war. This is an extraordinary statement, but it is borne out by the character of the news, and especially by the head-lines and other comments of the paper in question. The villanous thought entered the head of the editor and publisher of the paper that the country ought to go to war, and that he would make it go. His purpose has been no secret in the office; it has been proclaimed in the streets and in some of the clubs of the city by his subordinates; it has even been stated that he has offered to bet fifty thousand dollars that his paper would cause a war. This explains the reason for the constant lies and exaggerations which he has presented in the pretended form of news, and for the inflammatory harangues of his editorial page. We would be loath to repeat these statements, even on the excellent authority which we have, were it not for the fact that they are supported by the course of the paper itself. It has been evident that while the sensation-mongers have produced a certain effect upon ignorant and thoughtless persons, their efforts have been taken by the public at large at their true worth. Men have been amused or astonished or indignant at their mendacity, but they have not been taken seriously at home, although they have probably produced an effect abroad, and especially in Spain. But notwithstanding the sanity that has been manifested in spite of the heat which has been created by these newspapers, there may be a crisis when their lies and howlings will be the last force needed to push the country into a war. It is to be regretted that several members of Congress have gone to Cuba for one of the sensational newspapers on an ostensible tour of investigation; but, as a matter of fact, their errand will inevitably be made an excuse for louder and perhaps more dangerous howling.

THE CRISIS AND ITS PROSPECTS.

THERE has been an excited effort to push the country into a war with Spain. Since the unfortunate event in the harbor of Havana the public mind has been naturally uneasy. The cause of the destruction of the *Maine* is surrounded with mystery. She was blown to pieces in a port friendly in law but not altogether friendly in fact. Spain is in an extremely nervous condition. Her resources in men and money have been almost exhausted by the war which she has waged that she may retain possession of her richest colony. Her people believe—falsely or not does not matter—that the government and people of the United States are chargeable with the failure of three Captains-General to subdue the rebellion. They have exploded into violent outcries against us in the speeches of their public men and in their press. Even CASTELAR, once the sincere friend and admirer of our republic, has uttered bitter words against us. While the Spaniards have been mistaken in their hostile judgment against our government, they have real occasion for anger in the words of our Jingoes, a few of whom are honest, most of whom are reckless and foolish, and some of whom are shouting for war for the simple reason that they will be able to make money out of one. Whatever the cause of the feeling against us on the part of the Spaniards, it existed at the time of the blowing up of the *Maine*, and it was especially strong among the Spanish sympathizers in Havana. Moreover, the occasion has given an opportunity to the foolish and dishonest among the Jingoes. The honest among the Jingoes, who believe that war is a moral stimulant, have been silent because they believe themselves face to face with a reality, which they know to be a stern and terrible one, and in which they are doubtless prepared to do their duty. But the knaves and the fools have howled, and the knaves have devised cunningly to increase the howling, knowing that the more excited the public becomes the more papers they will sell, or the greater likelihood there is that a hostile blow may be struck, in passing, by one side or the other, and thence will come greater profits not only from the sales of newspapers, but from sutlers' stores and war material. The dancing dervishes of war have had their way on both sides of the ocean, and good men who dread war as they dread all crime and barbarism have been disturbed, while both governments have been forced into active preparations for war because it is folly not to make ready in the face of noise and bluster which an event to be subsequently determined may sustain and excuse. It may be, for example, that the evidence will show that the Spanish government is legally responsible for the loss of our ship and the horrible death of our sailors, although no right-minded and cool-headed man believes that Spanish officials are either so wicked or so unutterably foolish as to have committed deliberately so great a crime — a crime which, if proved, will lose to their unfortunate country whatever sympathy she now enjoys in Europe, and will inevitably lead to her downfall.

In this emergency the American people have occasion to be thankful that Mr. McKinley is President, and that Mr. Long and Mr. Roosevelt are at the head of the Navy Department. They have reason also to be thankful for the coolness, deliberation, and great intelligence of the officers of the navy who were on the *Maine*, and who are concerned in the inquiry that has followed the disaster. The officers of the *Maine* showed themselves worthy of the best traditions of their service, and few abler and no more honorable men can be found than those who constitute the Sampson Board of Inquiry. The administration and these officers have borne themselves like honorable and dignified gentlemen dealing with a grave question. And in this they represent the sound and sane American people—the people who are not in evidence when the light-headed and knavish are filling the land with shouting, thereby bringing contempt upon the country to which they render such noisy lip service — not in evidence then so much, perhaps, as they ought to be—but who are not only in evidence but in control whenever a crisis comes. They are the people who made Mr. McKinley President, and he has their support now in the emergency in which both he and they have so well kept their heads.

Of the mysterious cause of the loss of the *Maine* we are as ignorant as ever. We may never know it; but we may rest assured of this, that the report of the Sampson Board of Inquiry will be conclusive. When that is made and published we shall doubtless know all that ever will be discovered of the cause of the disaster. Moreover, the report will be accepted by the country. What we know now is this: that the country has no positive evidence to sustain the theory that the *Maine* was blown up from without; that it has no evidence whatever that any human being is guilty of the crime of deliberately destroying her and murdering her crew; that it has some positive evidence that no mines exist in Havana Harbor, that no torpedoes were planted there, that no dirigible torpedo could work such havoc, that the immediate accompaniments of the accident were such as would naturally attend an explosion within the ship. And the substantiation of the accident theory will be thankfully received by every decent and civilized man who appreciates the horrors of war; by every one who hates bloodshed, who knows that war means desolation, the killing and maiming of thousands of men, the ruin of families, the destruction of the gains of peace and civilization, the debasement of men, the perversion of humane instincts, the stimulation of brute passions, the fattening of the vulture knave who feeds on the money profits of war, and, finally, the breeding of a train of evils by which the country will be afflicted long after the fighting and killing shall have ceased. But yet, let it be understood, it will be the man who knows the dreadful circumstance of war, and who is silent and who hesitates, and not the yelling mountebank of the street corners, who will most surely fight for the country if it shall be unhappily proved that there is occasion for war.

So far as the country knows, there is no more reason for war now than there was the day before the *Maine* was blown up, when she was riding at anchor in a friendly harbor. So far as we know and believe, Spain has done nothing for which she is in any way responsible to us, and no one has been guilty of any act for which Spain can be held to answer even in a money indemnity. At the most, a pecuniary settlement of the difficulty is the only one besides the substantiation of the accident theory that is remotely probable; and unless a crime shall be proved against Spain, interference other than the most friendly on our part, on old grounds that no longer exist, ought to be out of the question. We cannot afford to have our honor and good faith questioned. To interfere, in the remote event imagined, because Weyler was guilty of barbarities, would be to lay ourselves open to the accusation that we were hunting for an excuse to avenge a wrong that we had not suffered. If we do not prove that Spain is responsible for the disaster to the *Maine*, a decent regard for our own dignity demands reticence and self-restraint. The nation cannot consent that the civilized world shall believe that, to please our Jingoes, and in obedience to their noise, we are willing to make war upon a country which has been shown, in a distracting and dangerous crisis, not to have injured us. Our people have been proving to the world that their calm sense and their chivalry are stronger than the Jingoes. They ought not, and they probably will not, permit the breath of suspicion to tarnish that chivalry immediately after so admirable a demonstration of it.

FRANCE AFTER THE ZOLA TRIAL.

BY CARL SCHURZ.

The Zola trial, which may properly be called the latest, but not the last, phase of the Dreyfus case, has excited all over Europe a sort of tremulous uncertainty as to how the strange condition of things existing in France may affect the relations of that country with the world outside. It is generally regarded as proving that in France the government, and even the courts of justice, are at the mercy of a most dangerous combination of revolutionary influences capable of causing explosions of an incalculably mischievous character. This impression is well borne out by the history of the case in question. Some years ago the general staff of the French army were agitated by the belief that, by persons connected with its military, secrets of importance were betrayed to foreign governments. A memorandum enumerating certain pieces of such information, the famous *bordereau*, was discovered, said to have been in the possession of the German embassy in Paris. Suspicion was directed to Captain Dreyfus, an officer connected with the staff. He was tried by court martial in secret. Some experts testified that the *bordereau* was in his handwriting; others testified that it was not. Other so-called evidence was brought forward, with which, however, the accused man was not made acquainted. He was sentenced to be cashiered and to be transported to Devil's Island. The sentence was executed in the most cruel fashion. There the authorities hoped that the matter would rest. But a few months ago a man of high standing, one of the Vice-Presidents of the Senate, M. Scheurer-Kestner, believing that he had evidence of the innocence of Dreyfus, expressed that belief publicly, and sought to induce the government to reopen the case. He met with bitter resistance on the part of the chiefs of the army. But he stood not alone. Other men of prominence joined in his efforts, and there being signs pointing strongly to Major Count Esterhazy—a man of questionable repute, who had in his private correspondence spoken of the French army in a most scandalous manner—as the real culprit, the military authorities found themselves under the necessity of subjecting him too to a trial by court martial. This trial was conducted in such a manner as to appear to every unprejudiced observer as a preconcerted farce, and Count Esterhazy was triumphantly acquitted, and cheered by excited multitudes as a vindicator of the honor of the French army.

Then the famous novelist Emile Zola stepped forward and publicly accused the heads of the army of having by secret and arbitrary proceedings condemned to an infamous punishment a man whose guilt had not been proven, and of having, in order to cover up this crime, in an equally arbitrary way forced the acquittal of a guilty person. What Zola intended by this public charge was, avowedly, to oblige the government to prosecute him for libel, and thus to give him an opportunity for proving the innocence of Dreyfus and the guilt of Esterhazy. But Zola had reckoned without his host. He was, indeed, prosecuted for libel, but only on the charges he had made with regard to the Esterhazy court martial—a proceeding intended to exclude all testimony concerning the Dreyfus case, and to confine that concerning Esterhazy within narrow limits. As to the manner in which the Zola trial was conducted, it is not too much to say that if a detailed and strictly truthful report of it—with all the partly timorous, partly defiant refusals of witnesses to testify; with the insolent and dictatorial harangues addressed to the court and to the jury by generals of the army, who were really the accused parties; with the arbitrary rulings of the presiding judge in excluding almost all the testimony which threatened to tell in Zola's favor; with the part which the howls of an excited mob played in the proceedings; and with the court's condemnation of Zola, imposing upon him the extreme measure of punishment—had appeared in a work of fiction, the verdict of the unbiassed reader would be that while a novelist may ask us to accept many improbable things, he should not ask us to believe that such an undisguised, ruthless perversion of justice was possible in a high tribunal of a civilized nation calling itself a republic at the close of the nineteenth century.

Nothing could be more natural than that each day's proceedings should have increased the number of those who believe Dreyfus innocent and Esterhazy guilty. But worse was the conviction, forced by the methods employed in the Zola trial upon every impartial mind, that the heads of the army, having something of a gravely compromising nature to conceal, would shrink from no means ever so desperate to accomplish their purpose. When the trial of Zola proceeded upon the assumption that the accused party was guilty and had to prove his innocence, instead of assuming, according to our principles of justice, that he must be regarded as innocent unless his guilt were proved, it acted only according to the established French rule, strangely antiquated as that rule may seem. But when General de Pellieux, a witness, successfully clamored for the exclusion of testimony required for the establishment of Zola's innocence, on the ground that its admission would be derogatory to the dignity of the army, and when General Boisdeffre, also a witness, addressing the jury, exclaimed, "You, gentlemen of the jury, you are the nation here, for you represent it; and if the nation has not confidence in the chiefs of the army, let it say so, and we are ready to leave to others the burden of our responsibility!" they demanded nothing more nor less than that the cause of justice to the citizen should be subordinate to the interests of the army; and that demand, as it was obeyed by the court and the jury, may properly be called a blow struck at the most fundamental principles of free government.

But the heads of the army went even farther than this. Taking advantage of the circumstance that Dreyfus is a Jew—a circumstance which, in the first instance, may have induced them to select him as a scapegoat—they called to their aid the anti-semitic feeling, that meanest and most hideous remnant of mediæval barbarism, which never appears on the surface without an exhibition of the basest impulses of human nature, casting a dark shadow of disgrace on our boasted Christian civilization. And forthwith the shrill cry of "Down with Jews!" mingled with cheers for the army on the streets of Paris, while in the provinces that cry actually excited the populace to pillage and murder. No less significant was the alliance on this occasion between the army, seeking to maintain its power and prestige, and the most unruly and dangerous elements of the population, represented by so inveterate an enemy of all orderly government as Henri Rochefort—the professional defenders of law and authority and the professional revolutionary disturbers, so to speak, locking arms and uniting in one cry against those who sought only truth and justice! In all her internal commotions France has hardly ever beheld a spectacle more grotesque and alarming than this.

Thus, through moral terrorism and the excitement of the bad passions of the multitude, the chiefs of the army overawed judge and jury and carried their point. But they have not put the trouble to rest. It is true the Prime Minister, who, there is good reason for believing, had watched the proceeding with extreme discomfort, obtained in Parliament, after an appeal for peace and quiet, a vote substantially ratifying what had happened. But the Dreyfus case will rise up again, like *Banquo's* ghost, to torment the government and the nation in a variety of forms—not only in the appeal to the court of last resort entered by Zola, but after that in the protests of conscience which are sure to come from the thoughtful and self-respecting citizens of the republic, and then, perhaps, in more daring demonstrations of the prætorian spirit in the army. What at last may be the upshot of the bewildering confusion and demoralization of public sentiment in France nobody can foretell. The army has fatally hurt its moral prestige by the methods adopted for maintaining it. The generals will inevitably discover this. It is by no means improbable that they may think of restoring that prestige by the desperate expedient of some warlike enterprise on a great scale. Such a scheme may indeed be foiled, not only by the peaceable disposition of the French people generally, but by the Russian friend, who has his own policy, and who will no doubt make them understand that the Russian alliance will surely be forfeited by any foolish venture on their part. But the situation is full of dark possibilities, and the French people, when they come to their senses, will have learned once more what it means to have a large standing army in a republic.

MORTE CIVILE.

HAMLET.

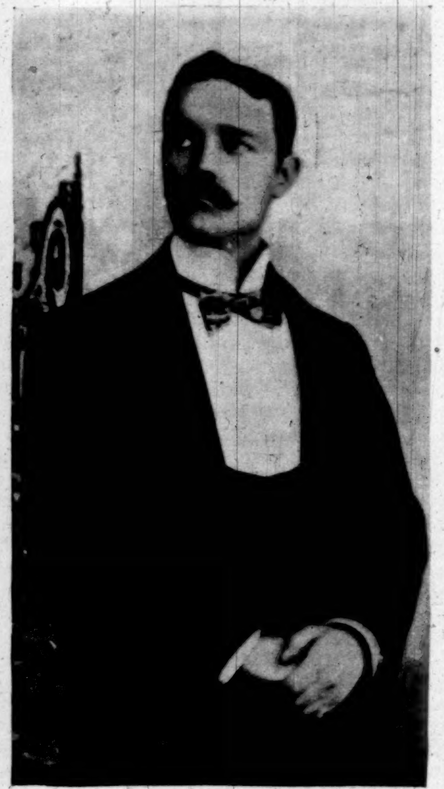
SHAKSPERE IN THE BOWERY.

The dearth of tragedy which has of late fallen on the Broadway theatres has been indifferently laid to the lack of good actors and to the abundance of ballets and vaudeville shows. It would perhaps be more just to lay it to the lack of a school of tragic acting. Not that we have not enough places where acting is to be taught—God forbid! The school that has produced our actors of the past has been a popular appreciation of tragedy—which may best, perhaps, be typified in the melodrama. In melodrama the young actor gets his first idea of impassioned scenes, and learns vigor and self-command in rendering them; and if he is capable of pure art he presently becomes a tragedian. In turn, if he fails as a tragedian, he declines upon his former vocation until he is able to try again. In a word, melodrama is the soil in which the flower of tragic acting strikes root. It may almost be stated as a law that where there is no native melodrama there will be no native tragedy. That melodrama is slowly and steadily retreating to the Bowery is well known; and the fact has suggested that on the East Side there is still a spontaneous interest in the deeper and more permanent emotions. The announcement, therefore, that "Othello" and "Hamlet" were to be brought out in the Italian Theatre in the Bowery raised the question, which only experience could answer, whether the tragic muse had been brought down from the clouds of ballet girls uptown to live among the men of the East Side. It would not be the first time that the best things in dramatic art flourished most among the multitude.

I.

The Italian Theatre, which is just south of Grand Street, is as rude and bare as ever an Elizabethan playhouse on the Bankside—and not noticeably more clean. The scenery and other stage appurtenances, though of the modern kind, were of little more aid to the imagination than the signs of "Venice: a Council Chamber," or "Cyprus, before the Castle," which in Shakspere's day no doubt served in lieu of canvas walls. When the exits were raised from the stage the actors invariably stumbled over them; and in one act *Desdemona* and *Emilia* could be plainly seen through an aperture in the castle wall, where they were quietly awaiting their cues. It is a far cry certainly from the Bankside or the Bowery to the appurtenances of Sir Henry Irving, or even of Mr. Augustin Daly.

The version of "Othello" used was in prose; and, as far as I could make out, it was stripped of most of the characteristically Shaksperian passages. It was perhaps more like the Italian novel by Cinthio, from which Shakspere's plot came, than like the play as we know it, just as the German "Hamlet" of the early eighteenth century was, in a way, a reversion to Belleforest. The actors spoke mainly in vulgar Italian. The most Elizabethan trait of all was the prompter's hood in the middle of the stage, just beyond the orchestra, from which the prompter's voice, in eager and raucous whispers, never ceased to gallop half a head in advance of the actors. I never realized before how right *Benvolio* was in crying down the "without-book prologue, faintly spoke after the prompter." *Iago* was the embodiment of shrewdness, but his most subtle stratagem was required to catch the cues for his gestures hot from what the prompter was saying, so as to have the gestures ready by the time he got to the words. Among all the characters, only *Othello* showed any measurable freedom from the prompter. I should mention, though, that in the last act *Emilia*, in her passion at the Moor, took the bit between her teeth, and pulling free from the lines, went at him with billingsgate of her own invention. At last she called him a blockhead and a scalawag; but this, after all, may only be the popular Neapolitan equivalent of Shakspere's "O gull! O dolt! . . . . O villany, villany!"



ANTONIO MAIORI.

The attitude of the audience toward all this was notable. Our little party from uptown were surprised to find them as much amused by most of the incongruities as we. Yet their laughter was quiet and charitable, and in no wise interfered with their enjoyment of what was enjoyable. They were for the most part bootblacks, peanut-venders, and organ-grinders, or at most ex-members of Colonel Waring's brigade; yet it seemed that in the simplicity of their souls they felt the force of the play with more heartiness than one could have expected of an audience on Broadway. When *Iago* was doing his worst with the Moor, one man—they were mostly all men—turned to his neighbor with a troubled look, "If that nigger knew what man-a that is, he would-a not trust heem." By-and-by the neighbor exclaimed, with as just a mingling of horror and delight as Booth ever evoked: "*Ain't* he son-a gun-a? Ain't he *son-a gun-a?*" In the tragic climaxes a part of the gallery would shout with delight, only to be hissed silent by the rest until the end of the scene, on which all yelled at the top of their lungs. At the death of *Desdemona*—Desdémona she was very properly called—a heavy silence fell upon the house; and when the stage closed on the last act, and all was over, it was plain that there were sad hearts in the audience, and minds turned upon the soberest realities of life.

But the managers had provided that there should not be too much sorrow. The drop was scarcely down when the sometime *Duke of Venice* bounded out in a song-and-dance costume and bellowed out a Neapolitan ditty. Then to restore the balance again *Cassio* came out in black street clothes, somewhat threadbare and shiny, if the truth be told, and sang us a sentimental song while we were putting on our coats. Alas, for our uptown manners! The simple and kindly Italians did not turn from the delights of the stage until the last mournful cadence was ended.

OTHELLO.

II.

Now for the merits of the play, and for *Othello*. When I saw the setting of the stage, I admit, I had my doubts.

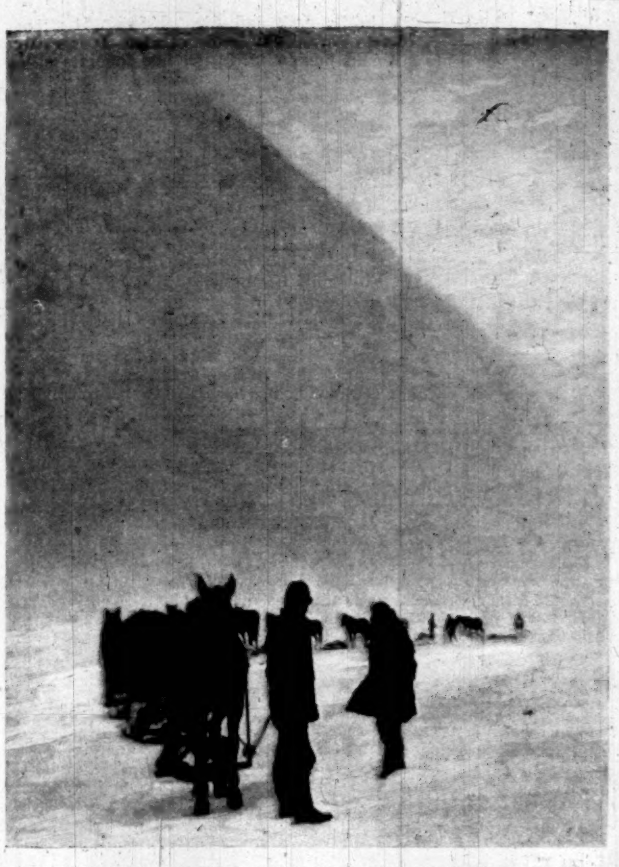
Yet the total effect was good—incredibly good. And those who saw the *Othello* of Antonio Maiori could not fail to be impressed with the fact that a dramatic illusion has no necessary relation to the scene-painter and the stage carpenter, that a touch of vital art transcends all limitations.

Of the quality of Maiori's acting it is not easy to speak without suspicion of exaggeration. His surroundings, unfavorable to a mediocre actor, might well have aided greatly, by contrast, a man of real power. It is also possible that his manner owes much to the elder Salvini. Yet the fact remains that he played throughout with genuine intelligence, with simple dignity, and with conviction. In the scene in the Venetian council-chamber his presence was fine and his manner full of repose; his delivery was quiet and impressive. His voice is rich and flexible and strong, and he does not overwork it. In the later acts it rose by natural gradations to whatever volume or pitch the lines required. In the scene where he strangles *Desdemona* his passion rose to a height that was magnificent; and afterward the despair that clutches at the heart was genuinely terrible. When all was over one felt that he had been face to face with Shakspere's tragedy in a way that he could not have been, except for Madame Modjeska, in any other theatre this season in America.

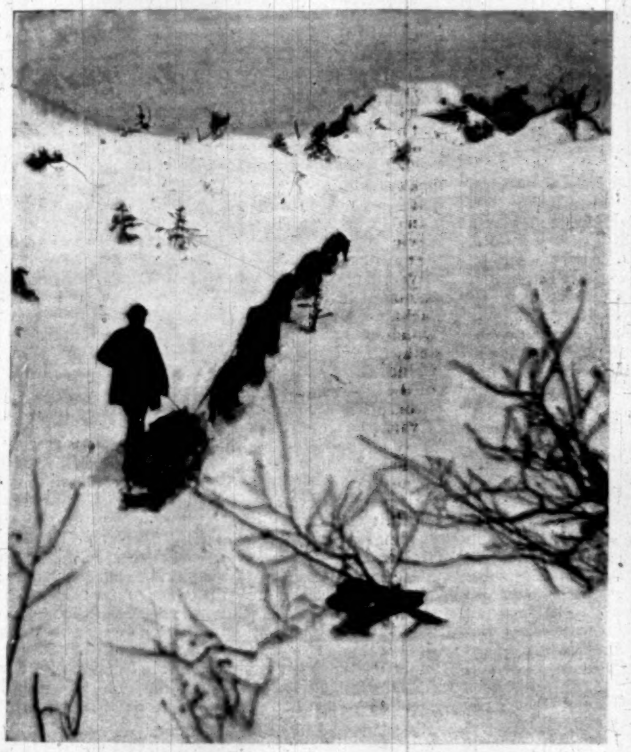
III.

I sought out Maiori, and asked him questions which I hope were not impertinent. He is now twenty-eight. At the age of nineteen he was already playing leading parts in Naples and Rome. When the time came for him to serve in the Italian army he had either to leave Italy or abandon all he had achieved in his art. He went to Paris, where he acted two years. Six years ago he came to America. His repertory is large, and includes both melo-

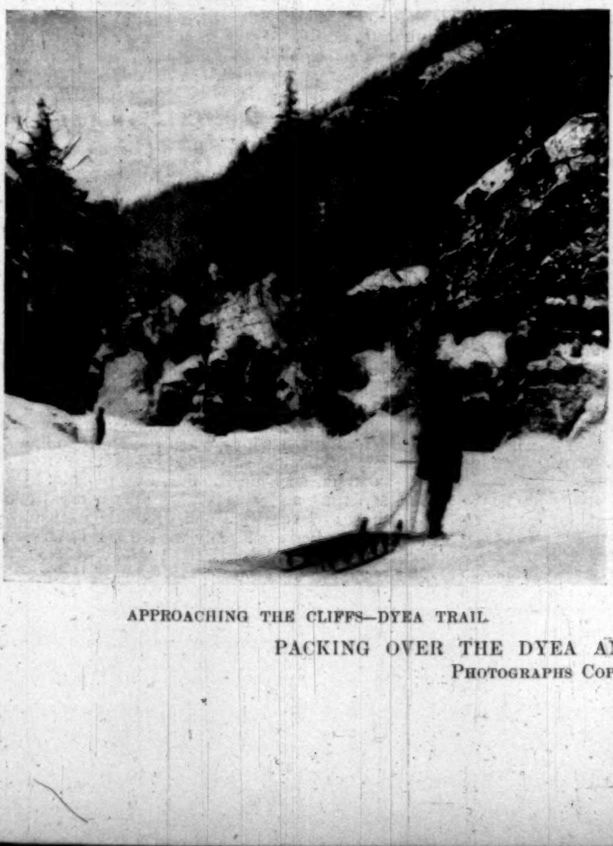
MASANIELLO.



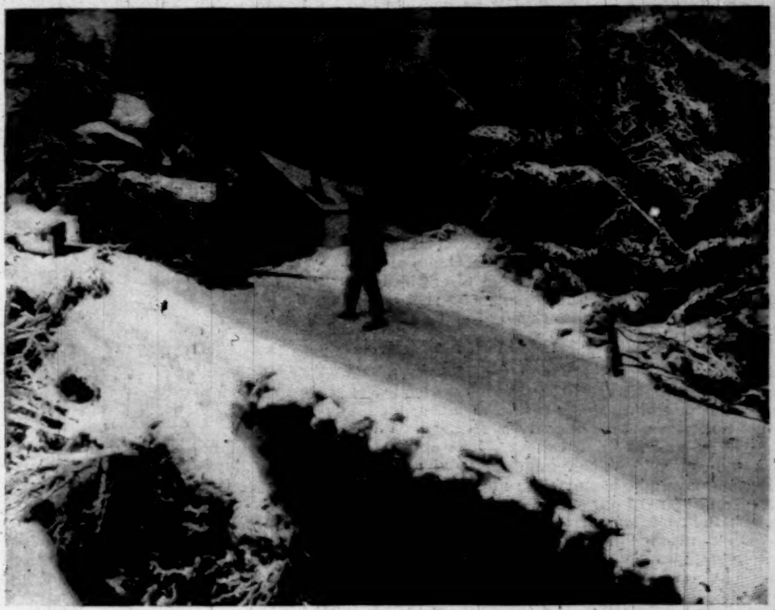
HORSES WITH RAWHIDE SLEDS NEAR THE FORD—DYEA TRAIL.



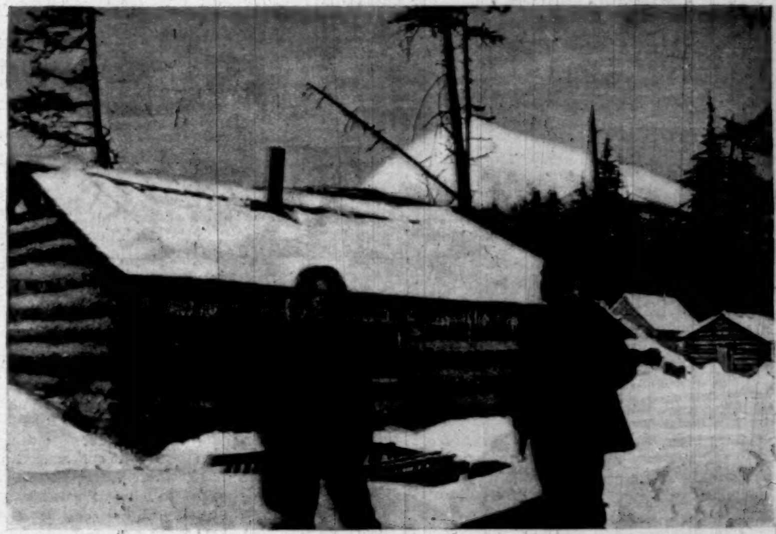
DOG TEAM PULLING A HEAVY LOAD UP HILL.



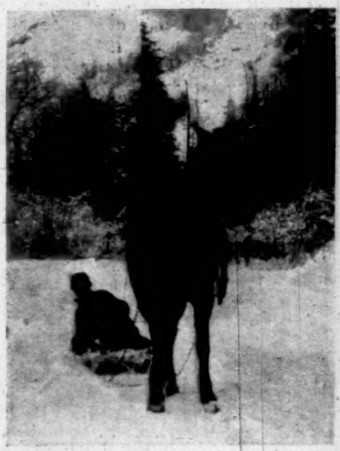
APPROACHING THE CLIFFS—DYEA TRAIL.



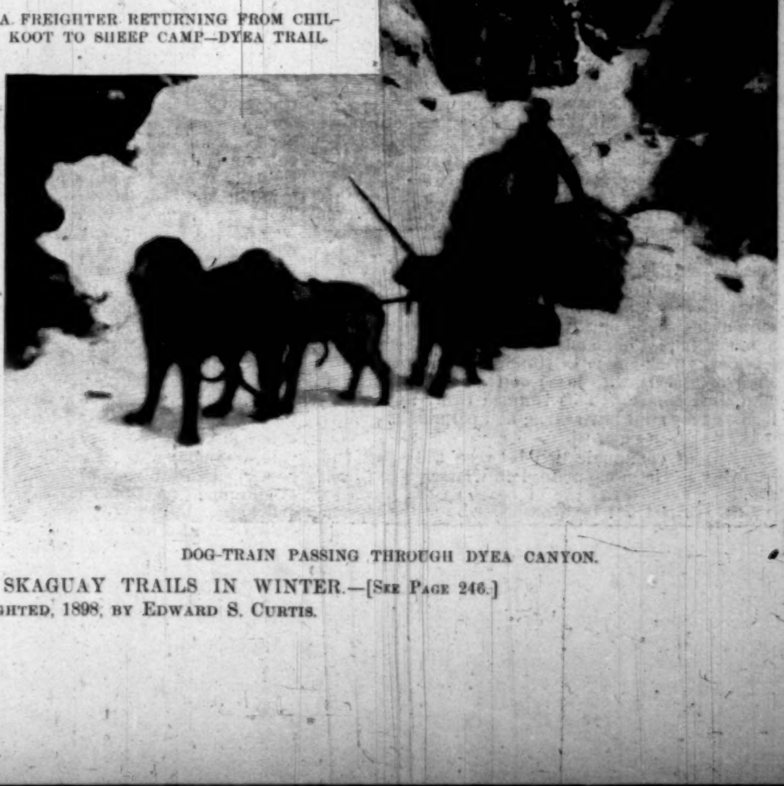
INCLINED BRIDGE IN SKAGUAY CANYON.



A TYPICAL SKAGUAY RESIDENCE.



A FREIGHTER RETURNING FROM CHILKOOT TO SHEEP CAMP—DYEA TRAIL.



DOG-TRAIN PASSING THROUGH DYEA CANYON.

PACKING OVER THE DYEA AND SKAGUAY TRAILS IN WINTER.—[See Page 246.]

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drama and tragedy. His best play he considers to be Giacometti's "Morte Civile." He has played *Othello* only a dozen to a score of times. He has lately given his first performance of "Hamlet."

I expected to see a second performance, which was announced for a Saturday. I had hopes of being able to say that it was as much a success as "Othello," and to conclude that a quality of art for which there is no place in the syndicate theatres on Broadway flourishes in the melodramatic atmosphere of the Bowery. On Wednesday, happening to pass the Italian Theatre, a glare of pink fleshings smote my eyes. It was from an array of bill-boards announcing that an *Athletic and Vaudeville* troup was holding forth inside. The theatre was no longer the *Teatro Italiano*. It was the Columbia Opera-House. I looked up the manager and inquired after the Italians. The Italian Theatre, he said, was no good. He was going to run an American theatre (hence the Columbia, and also, perhaps, the pink tights). Maiori he spoke of as a good man and a good actor, but "he got no gallery." Pink tights, it was hoped, would "get" both floor and gallery. The proprietor of the troupe was named Bernstein, and I took him to be a future member of the syndicate. So it seems that tragedy is fading away in the East Side as well as in Broadway. The explanation is simple and complete. Those immigrants who have learned our language and customs are apt to be attracted by the flash and glare of our stage; and the new generation, who lack the traditions of the home country, and sometimes the knowledge of Italy to appreciate its drama, are almost certain to be caught by the flaring posters of American theatres. The Italian Theatre is frequented by new arrivals, and by those of the past generation who have not forgotten the joy of true acting. In spite of double bills, and sometimes treble bills, and of performances lasting from eight o'clock until one, the theatre cannot be made to yield large returns.

Maiori's plans for the future are not yet settled. Some months ago he had an engagement to play with Duse in Paris and in Germany; but she changed her plans before he crossed the ocean and returned to Italy, whither he could not follow her without being liable to military service. Surely, if Duse's company is like that which she last brought to America, it is a pity Maiori could not have been secured. Maiori is now planning to leave for South America, where the Italians are stronger numerically, and are not so familiar with alien tongues and with up-to-date vaudeville as to prefer other theatres to their own. I suggested that he ought to have an American to manage him, and come out in an uptown theatre. He said he had often hoped for just that. The obstacle is his lack of command of our language, and of knowledge of the methods of procedure in our theatrical world. Of the sincerity and strength of his acting there is no doubt; and it ought to pay a clever manager abundantly to take him in hand. Certainly if he is allowed to leave the country, all lovers of the best there is in the drama will be the losers.

As these notes are going to the printer I find that Maiori has again secured the theatre. It is to be hoped that he will continue to be preferred to athletic and vaudeville shows, for as long as he is he will present his classic pieces to increasing audiences, I am sure, of people who care for good tragic acting. On Saturday evening, March 12, "Othello" will be given. "Hamlet" will come some days later.

JOHN CORBIN.

HOW THE TRAILS LOOK TO-DAY.

THE reading public is familiar with the difficulties which the van of the army of men now seeking fortune in the new gold-fields of the North met upon the trails of Skaguay and Dyea, on their way from the sea-coast to the head-waters of the Yukon River. Improvements have been in progress on these trails, and the on-coming crowds will fare much better than did the pioneers.

Although the trails now lie buried in snow, and the men who are crossing are fighting a rigorous winter, yet transportation of freight is an easier matter than ever before. As the season advances, it will be found that men can cross with ease, compared with the heavy work necessary last season.

These improvements have brought about great changes in daily scenes along these trails. Men are more cheerful than were the hurrying throngs of the opening months of the rush. Few pass you on the trail without a friendly word. Friends are made in a day, and after a day's work men have ample strength left for a pleasant exchange of courtesies. In the towns of Skaguay and Dyea at present there are many men who are not good citizens. But these are the "camp-followers" of the army of gold-seekers. These men will not be met at work out on the trails, and are not to be taken as the type of the Klondike movement. Those who go back over the mountains are tried sorely, and they will not get far unless they have that in them which, barring accident, will bring success.

A comparison of the trails at this time is hardly of value to the prospective Yukoner, as the coming of summer will witness a further change for the better on both. But at present the Skaguay Trail, though the longer of the two, is the better. It is very hard at present to cross the summit of the Dyea Trail, and few are doing it. One cannot tell at what moment a storm may sweep across the summit and stop all possible progress. Once started, these storms are apt to be of many days' duration. It is this that will turn many against the Dyea Trail, which, though shorter, thus becomes more dangerous than the Skaguay Trail.

Transportation is of course the live topic of the day on these highways of Yukon travel, and one will find here almost every kind of rig that man can make. Dog-sleds are everywhere, drawn by from one to ten animals. Oxen, mules, horses, elk, and goats are in use, both in the harness and as pack-animals. Hundreds of men are drawing their own sleds, with loads of from one hundred to three hundred pounds. This is much easier than carrying loads, as men did last season, and permits of greater progress in a given time.

Some sort of communication between the coast and Dawson City has been maintained all winter. The frozen Yukon has prevented the use of boats, so the travel by way of St. Michael has been suspended for the season. But that same frozen river has allowed men to sled freight down to Dawson, and men returning from Dawson to the coast have sledded their necessary supplies with them. In this way the outside world has been kept posted on the occurrences of the Klondike region. Many new ventures have been undertaken, however, and the coming open season should develop many surprises in this later-day find of a wonderful gold-field.

A. J. BLETHEN, JR.

MUSIC.

WHEN a concert season in this city is as confusedly rich and delectable as is the present one—of which four or five full weeks fortunately yet are left to yield generous fruits—it is hard to fight away the impulse toward making local doings into the text and sermon of each all too scanty and too fragmentary review. Miranda declared to Prospero that the tale he told her "would cure deafness." Such a winter as this should be a cure of that difficult disease—musical staleness. Are any of us inclined to be blasé as the atmosphere of the average season grows to its heaviest pressure? Do we discover in ourselves, or do others discover for us, a dulled palate as the banquet stretches out to its latter course, with hint of surfeit? Do we become tired of going to hear things and people, and tired of talking or thinking or writing—such of us as must needs do that—about them? Are we many a mid-winter and lagging spring half jaded with keeping up with the movement, desirous of a great orchestral silence rather than sound, and lethargic to the endless opportunities for considering even the best artist's art? To any such musical invalidism New York's midwinter of 1898 can say its "Come hither, come hither, come hither!" It will go into our history unrivalled in its array of incidents to enjoy, of questions to ponder; splendid in the luminous glow of its concerts; wholesome in its chance reserve as to opera. It was a season foreseen last summer as of amazing interest. Sustaining that early aspect, it will go into record for the nights or afternoons of symphony it bestowed, for the sparkling galaxy of admirable soloists it has united, for the appreciable number of new works it presented. It has done genial work for musical righteousness and for quickened conviction of music's more abstract and perennial beauty. We need both such operations in New York far more than the careless enthusiast allows. They are at the bottom of the answer to the question of whether or not a city has a sufficient "musical public."

The topics of the hour are the Chicago Orchestra's second visit, with Mr. Theodore Thomas again before us as its leader; Josef Hofmann, the youthful pianist, returning to us, not less wonderful in his riper artistic powers, if not to-day the little-boy prodigy of some ten years ago; the movement in hope of providing New York with a new subsidized concert-band; discussion of the practicability of an "opéra comique" scheme that will include a house, a company, and the proper repertory—and sundry more intimate questions in New York's immediate musical polity and politics. Compositions new—at least new here—that have added their matter for comment, have been a strong piano-forte concerto by the Danish Stendhammer, presented at the Chickering Hall matinée last week by Mr. Rummel; the Russian Glazounov's entirely unfamiliar Fifth Symphony, heard at last Friday's and Saturday's Philharmonics; and a distinct group of Russian piano-forte pieces interpreted by Alexander Siloti in course of his recent recitals. To these further reference is made in a paragraph below. There has been also more rumor as to Mr. Anton Seidl's leaving New York, for one or another German engagement; but up to this writing it would seem that the souls of Mr. Seidl's cordial following need not be terrorized—"permanent" orchestra plan succeeding or not succeeding. Mr. Seidl will stay in New York, where he earns a far bigger income than he can anywhere abroad.

The Castle Square Opera Company—an organization still amiably preserving the name that came to it with its first continued successes in Boston—is still doing some excellent work in popularizing in English various light works. It sings before a public not likely to be drawn to theatres more officially lyric and to companies of foreign singers of rather higher emprize. Miss Golden, Miss Macnichol, Miss Amy Hartley, Mr. Joseph Sheehan, Mr. Pearse, and their associates—a really excellent chorus and an effective orchestra—are all factors in performances that have more than an ordinary "popular" quality. The staging is careful. The repertory was a wide one—rather an alarmingly wide one, judged by the managerial announcements. It doubtless has indeed been felt sensible while in New York to avoid "Lohengrin" and "Aïda," and "The Huguenots," to say the least. Into less severely responsible services that come with comic opera and with operas-comiques the Castle Square singers venture with honesty and considerable art. Whether those matinées, mystically styled "bargain" ones, as such make for operatic advancement, even at cheap prices, is not clear as yet.

The Chicago Orchestra and Mr. Thomas have reason to feel proud of their welcome here. The audience at that opening concert on Tuesday evening of last week was packed with the very pith of our town's real musical culture; and along with it was a large addition of the less specially perceptive listeners. Plainly, to each class the name of Mr. Thomas was obviously a conjuring one, as ever. And what a burst of greeting—downright, spontaneous, sincere, one might write affectionate—as he came before us again!—that familiar presence, not older by an inch of girth or the loss of a hair. The veteran conductor is serene as ever in the dignity of one who seems to have decided a few years ago to grow only elderly—and to stop there once for all. It was a great welcome. No other conductor could command in New York just that sort of a reception. Does Mr. Thomas still believe that New York neglected him and drove him away? He cannot point to any rival we have better served. In any case there is none whose personal magnetism with our public abides more indisputable. The concert was what one expected—an object-lesson as to what rich ensemble perfectness a permanent, well-balanced orchestra (even if not one of all-round exceptional material) can attain, by learning and by minding only its own business; and by doing so under a great director's continued care. Of the Chicago men have been spoken good words here before now. But when here before now the large band was less fortunate in its rank and file. Now it is strengthened by certain new members, especially. It is vastly firmer in splendid unanimity, in its solid tone, its elegance of shading—all traits to be perfected only by seasons of work. Its strings—at least the violins—often seem singularly without brilliancy and resonance—what some French musicians call "legs." Even in a fortissimo they do not stand out with authority in the body of sound. But there are many things in an orchestra far more needed than brilliancy. Yes, this Chicago band, as it is to-day, has few peers. It is a noble and expressive corps, even if the Boston Symphony Orchestra outdoes it in fiddles and fire. Would it were ours!—this said without prejudice to what we have. It is a long time since we have had so shaded, so round, so wholly Beethovenish and classic, an interpretation of Beethoven's C major Symphony. Moreover, Richard Strauss's "Don Juan" poem was played really magnificently. As to the conducting, it was—as in so many former years—the kind that accomplishes all its work while veiling its dominancy over every man under its spell. Mr. Thomas has not lost that sensitiveness and knowledge, that half-disguised or seemingly careless eloquence of arm and eye, which used to mean such great leading of classics that we all understood why they were immortal. The evening was a triumph for the Chicago Orchestra, and a welcome to the director of it which must have moved even Mr. Thomas at least a trifle. The concerts continue this month.

Of young Josef Hofmann, as he is to-day, another time must be taken for speaking. He certainly already has made clear the fact that, at about twenty years, he has entered on the full career of a pianist born to be a pianist, exactly as was hoped he would show himself but feared he might not do when he was in knickerbockers, a small *wunderkind*. He has quite no end of tone. Exquisite is his touch, and the technical mastery is plain that we mark in the best of our representative players. Exactness and elegance seem also a gracious part of his equipment, and the repose and simplicity of the true and serious artist. He played Rubinstein's D minor Concerto with superb quality of tone and dramatic suggestiveness. Of some subtler qualities—many seem not fully developed—his recitals, not yet given as these lines are going to press, will give a more just exposition.

Mr. Alexander Siloti has won the notice and the good-will of all New-Yorkers interested in piano-forte concerts and piano-forte players. It is not simply that Mr. Siloti is a remarkable pianist, as splendid a technician as we have heard, a player with a sumptuous tone, and one with a suggestion of barbaric splendor of interpretation when dealing with a good deal of the music by Russians which takes hold of the nerves. He delights us in the fact that he has more effectually broken the icy conventionality of our piano-recital programmes in the course of his two recent afternoons than any pianist has seemed inclined to break it this dozen years. Not all the Russian compositions that Mr. Siloti introduced to us so effectively have been valuable or beautiful; but they have been at least new Slavic works, here little known, curiously interesting for the most part, written by Russia's representative men; and played magnificently they were. The novelties presented amounted to a Muscovitish broadside. The list included Rachmaninov's Waltz, opus 10, and a Prelude, opus 3 (which imposing number produced a special effect at each recital); Glazounov's Étude "La Nuit," opus 51, and his Prelude, opus 25; four works by Arensky, respectively titled an "Étude," opus 31; a "Basso Ostinato," opus 5; "Consolation," opus 36, and "Logaëdes," opus 28; a set of variations by Liadov (on a theme by Glinka), a delicately pretty trifle by the same composer called "The Music-Box," and Pabst's flashy paraphrase of a waltz theme from Tschaikovsky's opera "Eugeny Onégin." Both recitals were attended by the curious in music, and certainly the novelty of Mr. Siloti's Russian menu was rewarding. Any player who will leaven the sameness of recitals nowadays courageously will deserve well of the city's music-goers. Indeed, a law should be concocted and passed against the performance of a vast quantity of stock-programme material. Hackneyed classics of the recital afternoon should be played only under a system of special and high license, at so many dollars per stale selection. It is high time that the more progressive fraction of the public, as well as reviewers of musical incidents, took—no pun is intended—concerted action, in sheer self-defence.

Along with the latest throb of solicitude for a "permanent" orchestra, the past few weeks have mildly agitated an old and attractive project. It is operatic—a plan to deal here with the performances of what belongs to opera-comique repertory. For this sort of an undertaking there would be needed (either by hiring or actual building) a theatre much smaller than the vasty Metropolitan; a large and fine company, a superior orchestra, not to speak of a thoroughly *musical* director. Many of the best operas ever written are cruelly served when produced in as large a house as is our representative one. This fact has told severely on the history of its manager's use of old and new works. A long list of scores, popular and classic—the larger number, in fact—never should be sung in so huge a place. From "Fidelio" or "The Magic Flute" to "The King of Ys" or "Carmen" they are illtreated under any other conditions than meet them with a moderate-sized stage and a relatively small auditorium. The Metropolitan did not take shape as an art-temple, but as a social rendezvous. The old Academy of Music was too small and exclusive for New York. A house had to be built and rebuilt with the idea of furnishing a wider social world uptown with so many boxes. The boxes had to be included within the building's area, as best they could be managed. By-and-by the original number was lessened as the demand lessened. One whole floor tier was sacrificed; and presently the second balcony tier was largely opened to single sittings, when the Metropolitan was rebuilt. But the house stays too big. It always will be too big—splendid, acoustically fine, but too big. Only the most sonorous and spectacular operas are impressive. Fine shades of vocal art and dramatic work (especially facial expression) are largely wasted. It often seems as if even our friends *Wotan*, *Brünnhilde*, *John of Leyden*, *Raoul de Nangis*, *Valentine*, *Aïda*, ought to go back to a Greek stage, and to revive its masks and buskins for the sake of their bigger tones and loftier port.

E. IRENÆUS STEVENSON.

THIS·BUSY·WORLD

It is some time since anything has been heard of the Committee of Fifty which was formed under inspirations centring at Hartford, to discover and publish recondite truths about the proper way to run the universe. No doubt the committee is still in existence, and it is to be hoped that it is making progress. Meanwhile it has produced at least one valuable report which is of especial contemporaneous interest, to wit, "The Liquor Problem in its Legislative Aspects," by Frederick H. Wines and John Koren. This book is the record of investigations made by intelligent experts under direction of Charles W. Eliot, Seth Low, and James C. Carter, a sub-committee of the Committee of Fifty to investigate the liquor traffic. Its authors investigated the results of "liquor legislation" in seven States wherein special efforts had been made to regulate the liquor traffic. They reported that while some diminution of intemperance appeared, it did not seem to be proportionate to the thought and effort expended to induce it. They found in Maine, for example, many evil effects from prohibitory laws which could not be enforced, and the evasion and nullification of which has accustomed a whole generation of citizens to law-breaking and miscarriages of justice, and has tended to breed degeneration in public life and contempt for the public service. The influence which they found most potent to diminish drinking was not legislation, but public opinion. They found that only legislation which public opinion supported could be enforced, and that all legislation which could not be enforced was detrimental to the public good. They could not get any trustworthy data about the effect of restrictions upon the amount of drinking and the amount of crime resulting from drink. The restrictions which they found desirable, because public opinion endorsed them, were such as forbade liquor-selling to minors, intoxicated persons, or habitual drunkards; liquor-selling on Sundays and holidays; and liquor-selling in places of amusement, as billiard-rooms, theatres, or concert-halls. They found that saloons should be cleared of screens and partitions and open to inspection; that no sort of exhibition or game should be allowed in them; that there should be a limit to the hours of selling, and the shorter the hours the better.

The book which contains this report is not new, and has been quoted before in the Weekly. The unusual activity of some prohibitionists just now makes its conclusions especially interesting. What it says about public opinion being more efficacious than formal rules in restraining intemperance bears directly on the question of the expediency of trying to keep liquor out of the colleges. It is generally reported from the larger colleges that there is less drinking than there used to be, and that the improvement is due to the growth of a strong public sentiment against drunkenness.

The comparative temperance of different leading American universities has received much consideration of late, and in particular representatives of Yale and Princeton, institutions which have enjoyed special attention, have appeared very willing to believe that the men of those universities were not more bibulous than the sons of no-license Harvard. It is noted as a fact which, though not at all conclusive, may have some bearing on these comparisons, that the tickets to the annual dinners of the Harvard Club in New York cost six dollars, which sum pays for all the wine that may be drunk; whereas the tickets to the annual Princeton dinner in New York cost five dollars, not including wine. There can be no great difference between the cost of the food at these two dinners, and the inference seems reasonable that the Harvard graduates at their dinner drink only one dollar's worth of wine apiece. When we consider the occasion, and that champagne now costs $2 50 or $3 a quart, this seems to indicate a very moderate average indulgence. Whether any hotel-keeper would venture to entertain the Princeton graduates on the terms the Harvard men get has not as yet transpired.

Our neighbor the *Voice* meets with misadventures in its campaign against the colleges which would mortify a less-impassioned organ. It lately proclaimed that Bishop Vincent had declared that he would not send a son to Yale; but Bishop Vincent has written to say that the only son he had he did send to Yale, and has no reason to regret it. So, in its account of the dinners of the Amherst and Princeton alumni in New York, *Voice* printed a paragraph about Job E. Hedges, of New York, and the Rev. Richard D. Harlan, of Rochester, which Mr. Harlan has felt constrained to characterize as "a lie out of whole cloth."

Care should be taken not to confuse zeal for prohibition with righteousness. A good many prohibitionists are very good people who love righteousness, and try hard, according to their lights, to promote it. But while zeal for prohibition is not inconsistent with high character, it seems not to be in itself especially conducive to high morality. Individual prohibitionists are sometimes sadly lacking in virtue, and cheat and lie and behave improperly, just as other bad people do who are not interested in prohibition. An experienced person once said to the present paragrapher that he used to think that liquor was at the bottom of all evil, but that while shut up at Andersonville during the civil war he discovered that a high degree of wickedness could be developed without the intervention of rum.

Two steamships are in active request. One is the one that passed very near the life-boat of the *Champagne* on the night of February 21, and paid no attention to the lights that were burned. The other is the steamer that passed the *Champagne* herself without heeding her distress signals. Both of these instances are hard to explain. It is not only humane and glorious to rescue ships and boats in distress, but it is apt to be profitable. It is hard to believe that fireworks burned at night on either a boat or a ship could have been overlooked by a steamer passing so near that her port-hole lights were visible. It is still harder to believe that distress signals could have been seen and not heeded.

On February 26 a woman was ejected from the Castle Square Theatre, in Boston, for refusing to take off a large and obstructive hat. It happened during an afternoon performance. The Boston Aldermen have made a law that obstructive hats shall not be worn in Boston theatres, and that managers who permit them shall be subject to fine. The practice of the managers is to hand women whose hats are objectionable a card on which the law is set forth and compliance with it requested. This was done in the case of the woman in the Castle Square Theatre, but she declined either to take off her hat or to move to another seat. After an hour and a half of patience and gentle means, the management got a policeman and cleared a path for him, and then the woman got up and retreated. Her money (25 cents) was refunded at the box-office, and she indulged herself in a free expression of her views as to the treatment she had received.

There is a difference of opinion as to the expediency of ordinances regulating women's head-gear in theatres, but there must be pretty general agreement that a woman who wears an obstructive hat and won't remove it, and is put out in consequence, gets no more than she deserves.

As between regulating theatre hats by State legislation and by city ordinances, a city ordinance is much to be preferred. A city is a big family, and is warranted in solicitude as to some details of personal behavior which the legislators of a State have no warrant to meddle with.

Professor William Libbey, of Princeton, whose expedition last summer to the Enchanted Mesa was so prolific of interest and controversy, has planned for next summer an expedition to the Hawaiian Islands, where there are a number of possible investigations that tempt the adventurous mind. There are shells and fossils on the islands which are not found elsewhere; and besides these, says a Princeton despatch, scattered all over the islands are burying-caves, in which for centuries the natives have been used to bury their dead. These caves are thought to contain archæological treasures of value, and it is thought that the natives can be induced to show where they are, and permit them to be explored. The shore and lakes of Hawaii, also, are known to contain biological specimens of interest, which ought to be worth searching for. Half a dozen young scientific students expect to accompany Professor Libbey, and the plan is for the expedition to start late in the spring, and return in about six months.

A discussion which has been raging in some of the Boston newspapers as to whether Unitarians are Christians has provoked so many communications from interested readers that it has been necessary to bring it to a peremptory close, with much correspondence still unpublished. It is not a question that can be conclusively settled in this life. Even the persons who are most positive in arguing that Unitarians are not and cannot be Christians are apt to concede, if properly approached, that it is probable that when the sheep are finally sorted from the goats the whole body of Unitarians will not be included in either division. The truth is that in these days "Christian" is almost as loose and indefinite a word as "gentleman," and the necessary preliminary to a conclusion as to whom it fits would be an accurate determination of its significance. When that is settled to every one's satisfaction, the detail about the Unitarians may be argued, though by that time the millennium will have dawned, and theological discussions will have given way to less acrimonious forms of sport.

The report that an English football-player has been found guilty of manslaughter interests our football experts, but does not dismay them. The British athlete, whose case is as yet somewhat meagrely reported, was found to have caused the death of a fellow-player by "charging him with great violence from behind." It is possible that the case, when we learn more about it, may be helpful in determining whether the football rules need further modification.

The Weekly has received from a much-respected source a British "Humanitarian League Leaflet" which sets forth the monstrosities incident to the hunting of carted deer by the Queen's buck-hounds. It is desired by the distributor of this leaflet that the American press should help to open the eyes of the British public to the special cruelties of this sport. It seems doubtful, however, whether it is within the province of the American press to do much about this hunt. It is on its defence in England as unsportsmanlike. No one seems especially proud of it as a sport, and its continuance seems due to historical associations. Our British brethren ought to be able to determine for themselves whether it is tolerable or not. An American newspaper which professes to be scandalized by it is liable to be told that much worse things are done in the United States, and that the reports of some recent occurrences in South Carolina make much worse reading than this leaflet about the chasing of tame deer.

Dixie, a monthly periodical published at Atlanta, believes that because we are on terms of good-will with Mexico we ought to send back the cannon and flags captured in the Mexican war. But is there anything about our possession of those trophies that hinders amity between Mexico and Uncle Sam? Apparently not. It does not pay to try to undo history. The generation of Americans who fought the Mexican war are for the most part dead. The flags they brought home are held in trust, and it is better not to meddle with them. They cause no particular exultation to any living American. They are simply interesting relics which there is no present occasion to disturb.

The poetic faculty that was so prevalent in the Tennyson family was shared by Frederick Tennyson, eldest brother of the laureate, who died on February 26. He was educated at Eton and at Trinity College, Cambridge; and seventy years ago, in 1828, he won a prize medal for a Greek ode. He seems to have lived a poetic life, for we read of his travelling in his early years in Sicily and the Ionian Isles, and of his living in Florence and Pisa. From 1859 until 1895 his home was in the Island of Jersey, but during the last two years of his life he spent much of his time in London. He published several volumes of poetry, the last of them in 1895.

Mr. William M. Singerly, who died in Philadelphia on February 27, was best known as the editor and owner of the Philadelphia *Record*, but he had demonstrated his abilities as a man of business before he started at newspaper-making. He was already a rich man when, in 1877, he bought the *Record* and made it a one-cent paper. It was the first one-cent morning paper published in Philadelphia after the war, and it succeeded so well that the other day, when its owner's financial difficulties culminated, it was proposed as the basis of $2,000,000 worth of bonds.

Mr. Singerly was an influential Democrat, and believed in tariff reform and sound money. Besides being an editor and publisher, he was very deep in other enterprises—real-estate speculations, paper and pulp mills, and various branches of manufacture. It seems to have been this excessive expansion of his interests that brought him finally to financial grief and led to his failure last December. He was sixty-six years old, and doubtless his harassing business complications were to blame for the final collapse of his strength.

It is reported that the sentiment of Radcliffe College in Cambridge is strongly anti-woman suffrage, and that a large majority of the college girls don't want to vote, and are familiar with all the reasons set forth by Mr. Carl Schurz why universal suffrage is not expedient.

The Radcliffe College "English Club" (devoted not to the cultivation of British sentiments, but of the English language) listened the other night, in Cambridge, to a discourse on contemporary British poets, by Mr. John H. Robertson, an English gentleman, who told the members that, in his opinion, Rudyard Kipling, though a skilful ballad-writer, is not to be counted as a poet at all. Mr. Robertson's notion of a poet is one who sings subtly and spiritually of the deepest emotions of the human soul. He does not find this gift in Kipling, and does not believe that his poetry will live. Mr. Robertson is quoted as of the opinion that "Recessional" is hypocritical, and savors strongly of over-zealous piety.

Poetry is like a pair of boots, capable of intrinsic merit, and yet practically useful only to persons whom it fits. Surmises as to the permanent popularity of any given lot of poetry involve speculations as to the tastes and qualities of posterity. Meanwhile to sell Kipling's poetry short is a safe and harmless occupation, provided the time of settlement is sufficiently deferred.

Time and the Hour reports that a dozen members of the Massachusetts Historical Society lately agreed, without a dissenting opinion, that the greatest English historian since Gibbon was Samuel Rawson Gardiner. It is suggested to the average reader, as an exercise in restraint of intellectual pride, that he should inquire of himself privately whether he ever before heard of Dr. Gardiner, and has any idea of what he wrote or when he wrote it. Then let him put the same questions to his associates and learn what sort of company he is keeping. The number of superlatively important books that a busy man may omit to read and still make a fair showing of general intelligence constitutes one of the great facts which demonstrate the disparity between experience and expectation. It is a comforting fact: It is a solace to remember that one may be civilized without being erudite, and rational while still comparatively ignorant.

It is announced in Paris that Carolus Duran is coming to America to paint some portraits. The United States is the Klondike of art, where temporary sufferings and inconveniences are sometimes compensated by golden rewards.

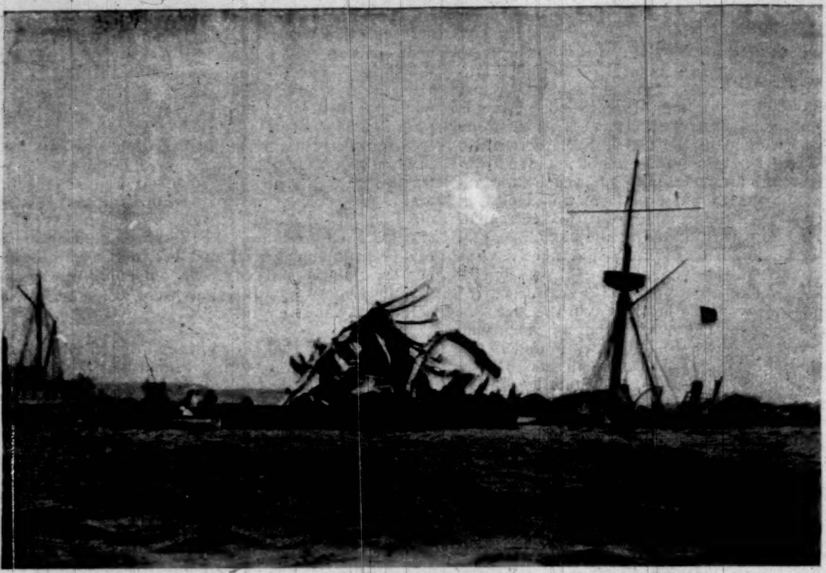
The suspicion that great artists and sculptors find a European environment more stimulating than ours is strengthened by the demonstrated preferences of Mr. Sargent, Mr. Abbey, and others, and most recently by the report that Mr. Augustus St. Gaudens, who is now in Paris, has sent word home to rent his studio in West Thirty-sixth Street, which he has occupied for the last eighteen years. The New York *Herald* says that he intends to live abroad, and that his home will be in Paris, though he has a studio in Florence, where he will spend part of the year.

This is news fit to be received with heaviness of spirit, but still with patience and resignation. Mr. St. Gaudens has aspired to do his best, and has succeeded in such measure that it is matter of public concern that his work during his remaining work-time should be done under the most advantageous conditions possible. It appears that he finds the art atmosphere of New York less congenial and inspiring than that of Paris. Folks in Paris are in less haste to have their orders filled; the average Parisian knows and cares far more about art than the average New-Yorker; and the proportion of wear and tear to accomplishment seems more satisfactory there than here. It is sad that all this should be, but if it is, Paris is the place for Mr. St. Gaudens. He is fifty years old, and cannot spare the time to wait for the full development of New York's possibilities as a sphere of labor for a great sculptor.

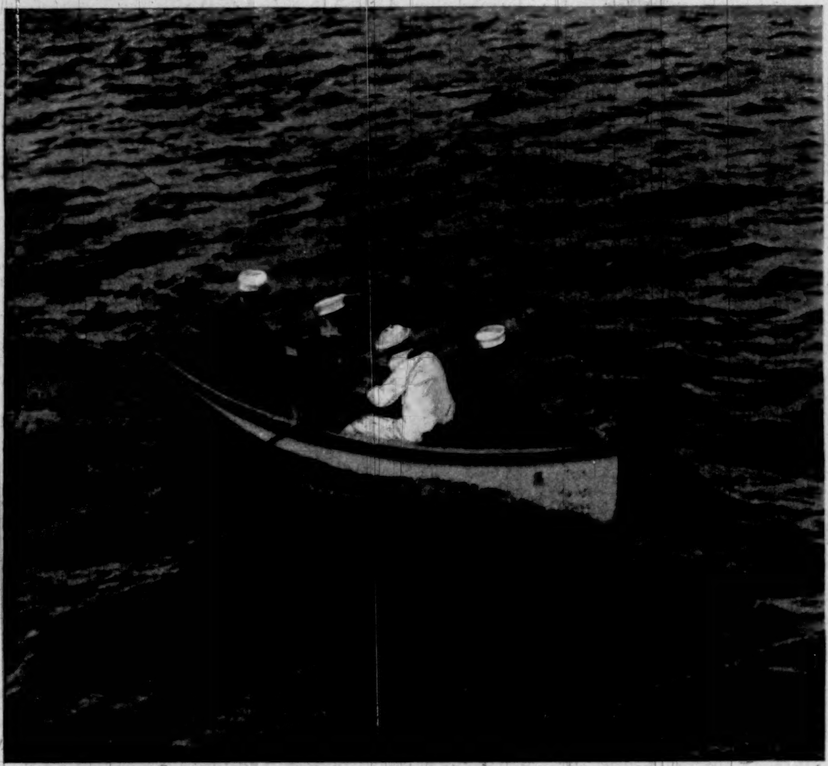
The Lowell Memorial Park project in which Cambridge is so deeply interested has still two months in which to materialize. The option on the Elmwood land expired on March 1, but has been extended until May 1. Thirteen thousand dollars is still lacking to the necessary total of $35,000.

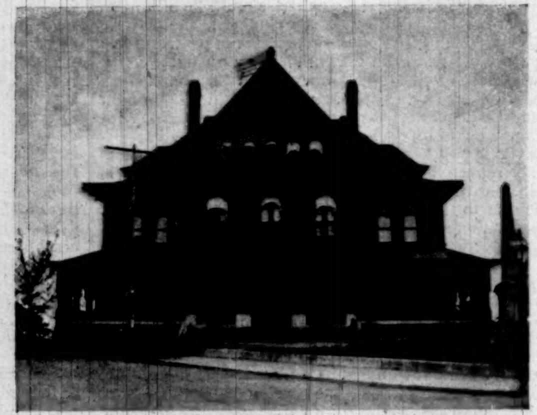
Professor Brander Matthews has never kept it a secret that he has read French literature and tried to learn from it anything that to his discerning intelligence seemed profitable to an English-writing story-teller to know. It appears that the compliment which Mr. Matthews has thus paid to French writers is being returned. A notice of his *Outlines in Local Color*, which appears in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, commends the agreeable mingling of precision and fancy with which its author describes the scenes, customs, types, and aspects of New York, and finds in his tales reminders of the "Sketches of London" which laid the foundation for the fame of Dickens. "To better serve the purposes of the more general pictures," adds the reviewer, "the episodes are as varied as one may wish. They are close to the truth, and their point is pleasing. Some of them possess a delicate irony, and there are one or two which we gladly suggest as examples to our own writers of novels, so well does the description harmonize with the plot, to the great profit of both."

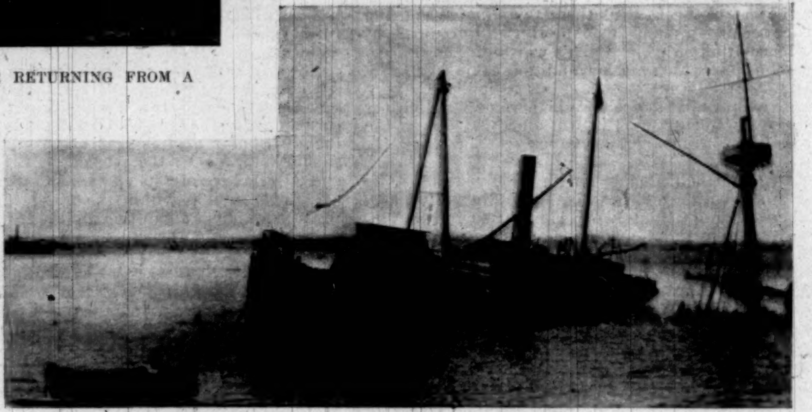
And thus the French rolls cast upon the waters get back to Paris after many days. E. S. Martin.

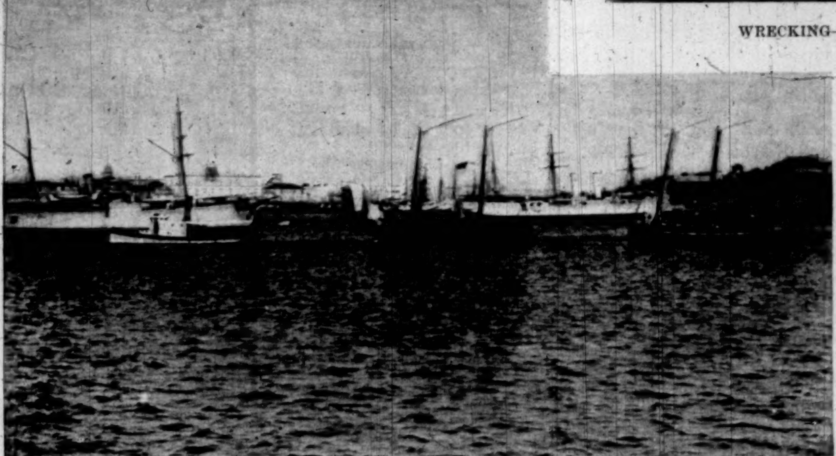

WRECKING OPERATIONS UNDER WAY ON THE WRECKED "MAINE."

UNITED STATES CONSULATE AT HAVANA—MEMBERS OF THE ORDEN PUBLICO ON GUARD.


CAPTAINS SAMPSON AND CHADWICK, AND LIEUT.-COM'R POTTER RETURNING FROM A VISIT TO THE WRECK OF THE "MAINE."


FEDERAL BUILDING AT KEY WEST, WHERE THE COURT OF INQUIRY HELD ITS SESSIONS.

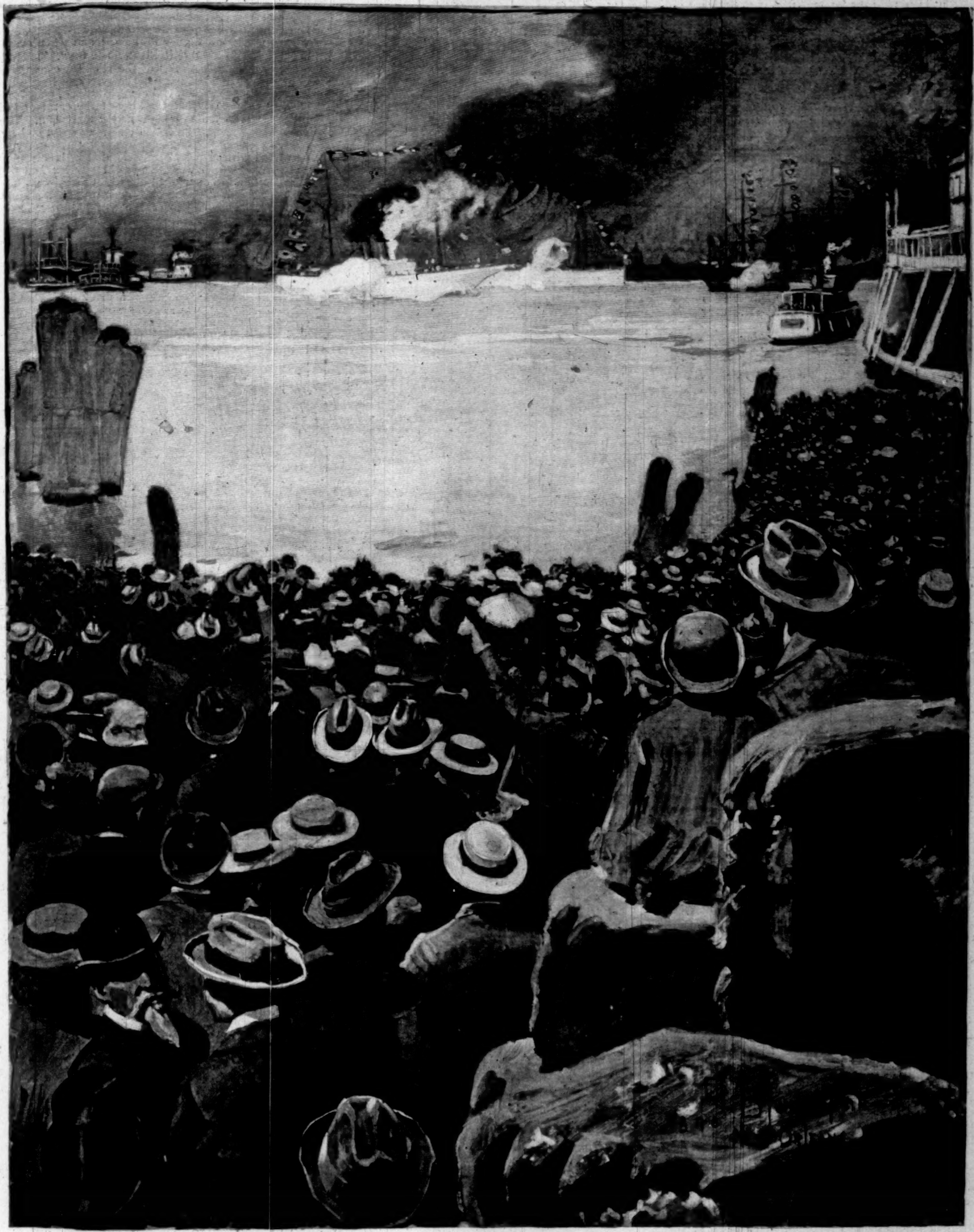

WRECKING-TUG "RIGHT ARM" AT WORK ON THE WRECK.


CONVEYING NEWLY ARRIVED SPANISH TROOPS ASHORE IN LIGHTERS FROM TRANSPORT STEAMER.

CUBAN VOLUNTEERS MARCHING IN THE STREETS OF HAVANA.

THE "MAINE" DISASTER—WRECKING OPERATIONS, AND THE COURT OF INQUIRY.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY HAROLD MARTIN, SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY."—[SEE PAGE 262.]



THE KING OF THE CARNIVAL ARRIVES ON THE ROYAL YACHT.—DRAWN BY E. L. BLUMENSCHEIN.

THE NEW ORLEANS CARNIVAL.

THE New Orleans carnival has three distinct epochs. Previous to 1837 it was a general holiday, in which the entire people masked, danced, pelted one another with flour or pease, and indulged in similar follies. Colonel Mandeville Marigny, the leader of the creole colony of the city, who returned from France in 1837, brought with him the idea of a carnival parade like that of the students of Paris. The various maskers were gathered in a cavalcade, and marched on foot and on horse through the principal streets. The change was found a good one, as it put an end to many of the excesses previously committed under cover of the masquerading.

In 1856 a number of gentlemen, members of one of the leading social clubs of the city, banded themselves together and gave, in the form of a street parade, a number of tableaux taken from Milton's "Comus." This display proved so popular and successful that the organization, which was originally merely a temporary one, became permanent as "the Mystick Krewe of Comus," and have given similar street parades ever since, except during the civil war, illustrating each year some popular book or story. A number of other organizations have been formed since on the same plan as "the Mystick Krewe," and in this way some two hundred of the most famous books or authors have been shown in public tableaux and street parades. The tableaux are mounted on large vehicles, specially constructed for the purpose.

In 1873 the Carnival Association was organized to take general charge of the celebration. This was brought about by the disorder and confusion that had formerly reigned among the promiscuous maskers. Many persons took advantage of the fact that they were masked, and that identification was impossible, to perpetrate petty offences and outrages, and it was thought best to give control of the whole matter to some club or body that would attend to the many details. The Carnival Association is a permanent and chartered body, which includes many of the most solid business men of New Orleans. It has obtained authority from Congress, as a society engaged in developing the arts, to import the costumes, decorations, etc., free of duty. Originally these came almost exclusively from Paris, but they are now manufactured mainly in New Orleans. They give employment to a large number of artists, costumers, and designers; and New Orleans not only supplies the local demand in such matters, but furnishes the South and Southwest and even the Pacific coast with masks, decorations, costumes, etc., used in the civic festivals which have become so common of late in this country, and which are more or less modelled on the New Orleans carnival. The association owns its floats, or vehicles, costumes, etc., has its "den," where the work is done, and its corps of artists, designers, costumers, etc.

The success of the carnival in New Orleans is largely due to its large Latin population, to the absence of any commercial spirit in the festival—the celebration being held not through any desire to attract strangers, but for the amusement of the townsmen themselves, and for the sake of the social prestige which carnival honors bestow.

To the sober American from a distance the sight of a number of dignified gentlemen arrayed in court costume, covered with mock decorations, going through the formality of being made dukes, seems like child's play. And yet so thoroughly is the spirit of this mock court preserved that the numerous distinguished visitors, from President Grant down, who have been honored with carnival dukedoms have joined as heartily in the fun as the Orleanans themselves, and seemed to have enjoyed it as much as their more mercurial Southern brethren.

It is the same with the carnival queens. The young woman chosen for this honor receives only a crown, sceptre, and jewels of rhinestones or similar brilliants, and yet there is no social honor more sought after or which gives really higher social prestige than this mock royalty. It is to be remembered that these carnival societies (all of which are secret) consist of men prominent in the social world. The greatest care is taken to keep out all unworthy or undesirable persons, and a secret committee of three has absolute and final power to veto any invitation of the club. The utmost care and secrecy are observed in the selection of the queen. The choice is more important than success at a Patriarch's ball was of old in New York, for the society or club is in duty bound to maintain the social pre-eminence of its queen. It gives her a place of honor at every subsequent ball; it looks after her in many other ways; and with so many men prominent in society acting as her faithful knights, it is inevitable that the young woman who starts out as a queen will be a success. It is this fact that has enlisted the women of New Orleans so heartily in the carnival, and which is so largely responsible for its success.

MISS ANNIE SARIA,

Queen of Nereus.

The carnival, as distinguished from "the season," began this year with the first of the masked balls, on January 30, and closed on mardi-gras (Shrove-Tuesday), February 22. Aside from the ordinary balls, germans, and entertainments which are common to all cities at this gay season, it included nine large masked balls, with tableaux, etc., and at which "queens" were chosen; five street parades and processions; while the last two days—but particularly the last one—were devoted to general masking, and were more or less celebrated as the carnival is in Latin countries.

All the balls, with one exception, were given at the French Opera-house, a building well adapted to an entertainment of this kind because of its many tiers, its large foyers, and ample room. The parquet is covered over for dancing, and the boxes hold 4000 to 6000 persons.

These were but the prelude to the two big days of the carnival, lundi and mardi-gras, February 21 and 22, when business is generally suspended, and New Orleans and all the "strangers within its gates" are supposed to give themselves up to fun, jollity, and merriment. The programme is much the same as that of the carnival in Nice. On Monday the king of the carnival, somewhat pleonastically styled "King Rex" by the populace, enters the capital city, New Orleans, and marches, accompanied by his dukes, his army, and his attendants, to the City Hall, where the Mayor hands over the keys of the city to him, and resigns in his favor. For that day and the next the king is Mayor and master of New Orleans, taking precedence over every one.

The arrival of Rex for some years past has been by way of the Mississippi River, which lends itself to a very handsome water display. The scene is always inspiring and beautiful.

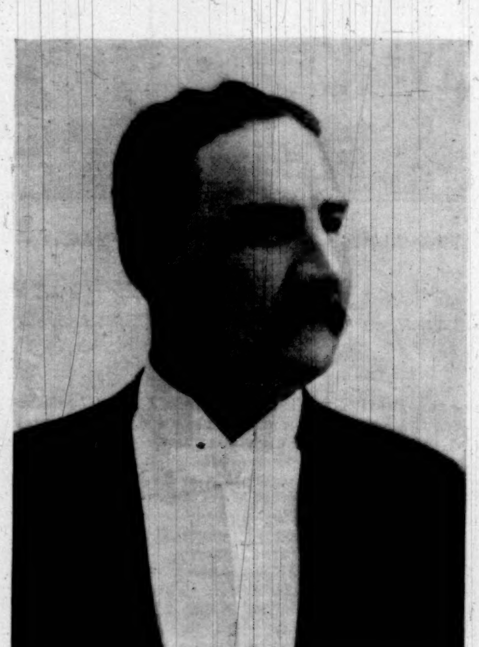
This year a fleet of vessels, gayly decorated with bunting, steamed up the river. As it passed the American, French, and Austrian men-of-war stationed here it was received by a royal salute, and a similar salute was fired from batteries on shore. The king, accompanied by his royal court, all masked and in costume, and by the household troops, also masked and in costume, disembarked at the foot of Canal Street, the leading thoroughfare of the city, and which, like the Corso in Rome, is the centre of the carnival. Throughout the line of march, extending a mile from the river, that street was fairly covered with decorations of many colors—flags, pennants, etc.—prominent among which was the carnival flag of green, gold, and purple. All the "galleries," as the balconies are called which line that street from end to end, were furnished with extra posts to support the weight of 40,000 persons who from these "coigns of vantage" witnessed the parade and maskers below. Probably three times as many filled the street and sidewalks, a dense throng of struggling humanity. The royal procession consisted of the king, the dukes, the maskers, the various local and visiting military companies, and the marines and sailors of the American and foreign men-of-war. It was largely military.

MISS NOËL FORSYTHE,

Queen of the Carnival.

At night Canal Street was brilliantly illuminated. Strings of electric lights extended some eight or ten blocks on both sides, while the clubs and leading stores displayed brilliant illuminations in colored lights, either electric or gas—mottoes, crowns, and other insignias. In this blaze of light the Knights of Proteus gave their parade of "Wonderland." It is acknowledged by all to have been the handsomest display of its kind ever seen in New Orleans, in the brilliancy of the tableaux and in the splendor of the costumes. One wandered amid birds, butterflies, and flowers, in coral caves under "the roots of the ocean," amid enchanted forests, where griffins, dragons, and other fabulous beasts held sway. And the Opera-house at night was indeed a wonderland.

February 22 was mardi-gras ("Fat Tuesday") in New Orleans. It is the day for promiscuous masking, when thousands of maskers turn out and pelt you, not with the flour, as of old in this city, or with the Italian confetti or flowers, but with genuine candies; the day when the minor carnival organizations parade, when the streets a filled with wandering bands of minstrels, troops of In ians, cannibals, masquerade sailors, clowns, ballerines, et when the greatest license is allowed, and when every o is supposed to indulge in his favorite folly. There is order or system, but most of the maskers congregate Canal Street, and the scene is brightest and liveliest the



MR. CHARLES A. FARWELL,

King of the Carnival.

It was in the midst of this congregation of people, mas ed and unmasked, that the king of the carnival and h followers marched in parade in the afternoon. The f mous boeuf-gras ("the fatted ox"), the finest and larg animal that can be found anywhere in the country, ga decorated with ribbons and garlands for the sacrifice, l the parade, which was marshalled by Rex and Geor Washington, in honor of the fact that mardi-gras fell t year, for the first time in half a century, on Washingto birthday. The subject of the parade was "The Ha vests," and the tableaux represented the harvest season nearly all the chief crops of the world. There was a c ton tableau, shaded by an immense open cotton boll, u der which the negro-hands picked cotton and danced a sung negro melodies to the banjo. There was a tea-g den in China surrounded by tea-trees, a coffee-plantati with a kiosk in which Turks were drinking Mocha, and with corn, wheat, rice, sugar, grapes, oranges, etc. Ea harvest showed a distinctive and characteristic scene.

At a signal at dusk all the "mardi-gras," as they a popularly called in New Orleans, are required to unmas as it has been found dangerous to allow street maski after dark. At night the Mystick Krewe of Comus, t oldest of the carnival associations of New Orleans, an the most celebrated, gave their forty-third parade an ball, choosing as the subject "Shakespeare." There we twenty tableaux from as many of Shakespeare's play and these produced not only the costumes, but the su roundings, the *mise en scène* of each play. There wa *Macbeth* in his uncanny interview with the witches; *Rich ard III.* and his court; *Jaques*, *Rosalind*, and all the *dra matis personæ* of "As You Like It" in the forest; an *Lear*, *Cymbeline*, *Shylock*, and the other characters o Shakespeare's plays.

MISS MARITTE WILTZ,

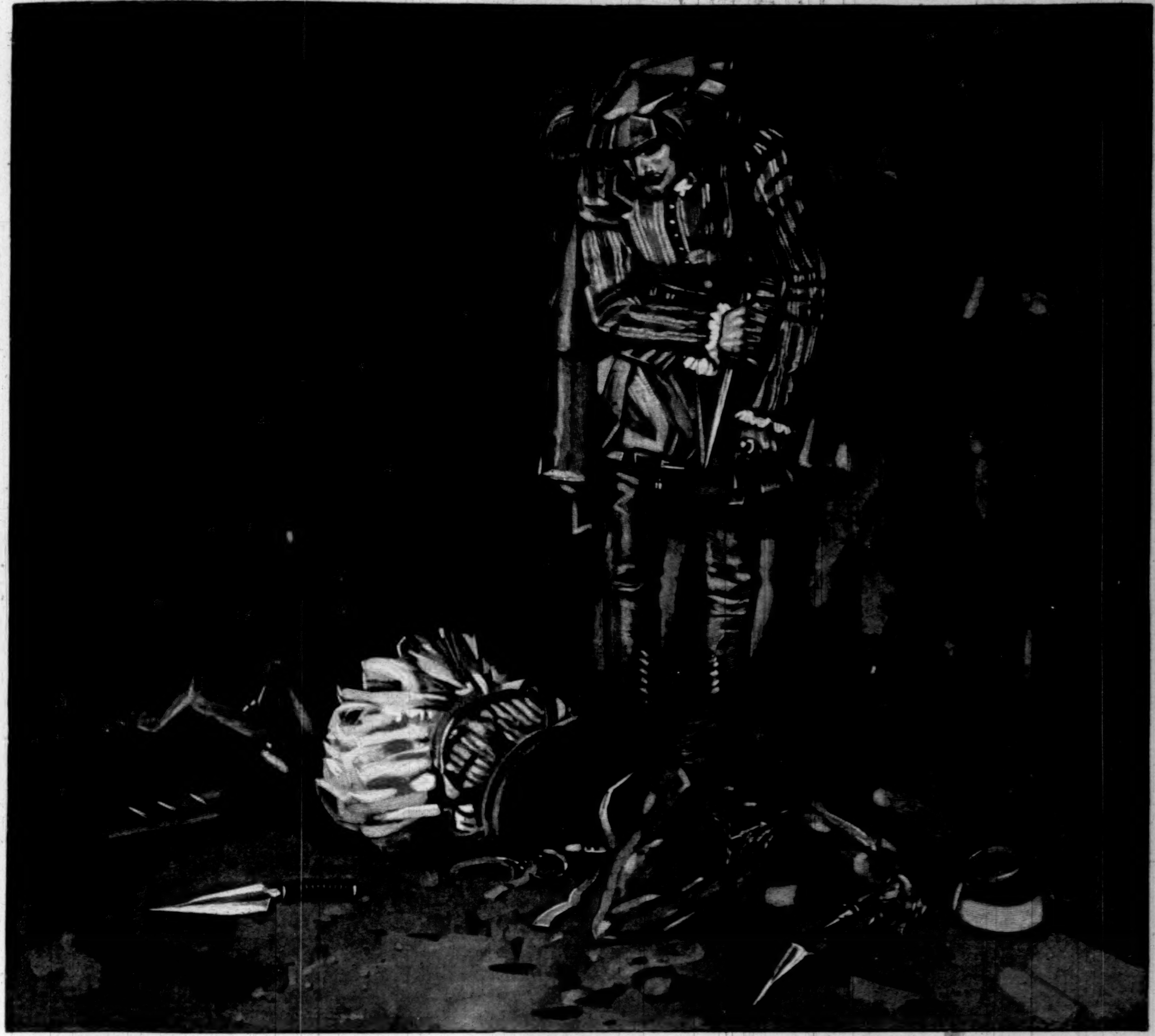
Queen of Mithras.

New Orleans is supposed to dance out the carnival and the night saw 20,000 to 30,000 persons at the severa balls given, the most important of which were those o Rex, given at the Washington Artillery Hall—where silver jubilee was celebrated, it being the twenty-fift year of the king's reign—and those of Comus at th French Opera-house. The Comus ball, being the last o the carnival, is the scene of an event which could occu nowhere in this country save in New Orleans, and whic is very distinctive and characteristic of the carnival This is the congress or congregation of the carnival king and queens and maids of honor. Each of the nine organi zations chooses a queen and from three to six maids o honor from among the most popular society young wo men. All of these ladies meet at the Comus ball, an there is consequently a gathering of royalty, with all th insignia of crowns and sceptres, not often to be met wit in a republican country. The scene is really imposing and is probably the prettiest of the entire carnival, fo the rich costumes of the maskers, the bright dresses o the ladies, and the blaze of the crowns and royal jewelr make an *ensemble* which cannot here be discussed, can be appreciated only by those who have seen it, and is never forgotten by those who have enjoyed the pleasure of witnessing it.

In this "blaze of glory" the New Orleans carnival has just closed—and with such success that the gentlemen who are principally responsible for it have already gone to work for next year's carnival, for it is a case of "Le roi est mort! Vive le roi!" And one carnival is no sooner over than its successor is arranged for.

While the carnival is given primarily for pleasure and enjoyment, it has proved of positive advantage to New Orleans by bringing so many visitors here and making them acquainted with it under pleasant and favorable conditions.

Norman Walker.



THE RED AXE.*

BY S. R. CROCKETT,

AUTHOR OF "LOCHINVAR," "THE GRAY MAN," "THE STICKIT MINISTER," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK RICHARDS.

CHAPTER XXI.

I STAND SENTRY.

THERE are (say some) but two things worth making in the world—war and love. But since, being laid up during the unkindly monotony of our Baltic spring by an ancient wound, I fell to the writing of this history, I would add to these two worthy adventures—the making of books. Which, till I tried my hand at the task myself, I would in no wise have allowed. But now, when the days are easterly of wind and the lashing water beats on the leaded lozenges of the window lattice, I am fain to stretch myself, and take a new pen, and be at it again all day.

But I must e'en think of them that are to read me, and of their pain if I overstretch my privilege. Besides, if I prove over long in the wind they may not read me at all, which would somewhat mar my purpose.

I was speaking, therefore, of being in the watch and ward of two women, each of whom (in my self-conceit I thought it) certainly regarded me without dislike. God forgive me for thinking so much, when they had never plainly told me so! Nevertheless, I took the thing for granted, as it were. And, as I said before, it has been my experience that, if it be done with a careful and delicate hand, more is gained with women by taking things for granted than by the smoothest tongue and longest Jacob-and-Rachael service. The man who succeeds with good women is the man who takes things for granted. Only he must know exactly what things; otherwise I am mortally sorry for him. He will have a rough road to travel. But to my tale.

Jorian ushered Ysolinde and Helene into the rooms from which he had so unceremoniously ousted the former tenants. How these chambers were lighted in the daytime I could not at first make out, but by going to the end of the long passage and leaning out of a window the mystery was made plain. The ravine took an abrupt turn at this point, so that we were in a house built round an angle, and so had the benefit of light from both sides.

"And where are our rooms to be?" I asked of the stout soldier when he returned.

Jorian pointed to the plain hard earth of the passage.

"That is poor lodging for tired bones!" I said. "Have they no other rooms to let anywhere in the hostelry?"

He laughed again; indeed, he seemed to be able to do little else whenever he spoke to me.

"Tired bones will lie the stiller," said he at last. "There is some wheaten straw out there which you can bring in for a bolster, if you will. But I think it likely that we shall get no more sleep than the mouse in the cat's dining-room this night. These border rascals are very apt to be restless in the dark hours, and their knives prick sharp."

With that he went out, leaving the doors into the passages all open, and presently I could hear him raging and rummaging athwart the house, ordering this one to find him "Graubünden fleisch," the next to get him some good bread, and not to attempt to palm off "cow-cake" upon honest soldiers on pain of getting his stomach cut open, together with other amenities of a seasoned man-at-arms foraging in an unfriendly country.

Then, having returned successful from this quest, what was my admiration to see Jorian (whom I had called—and I began to be sorry for it—a Wendish pig) strip his fine soldier's coat and hang it upon a peg by the door, roll up his sleeves, and set to at the cooking in the great open fireplace with the swinging black crooks against the front wall, while Boris stood with his long pistolet ready in the hollow of his arm, and his slow-match alight, by the doorway of the ladies' apartment.

I went and stood by the long man for company. And after a little he became much more friendly.

"Why do you stand with your match alight?" I asked of him, after we had been awhile silent.

"Why, to keep a border knife out of Jorian's back, of course, while he is turning the fry in the pan," said he, as simply as if he had said that 'twas a fine night.

"I wish I could help," I sighed, a little wistfully, for I wished him to think well of me.

"What!" he exclaimed; "with the frying-pan? Well, there is the basting-ladle," he retorted, and laughed in his old manner.

I own that, being yet little more than a lad, the tears stood in my eyes to be so flouted and made nothing of.

"I will show you, perhaps sooner than you think, that I am neither a coward nor a babe!" I said, in high anger.

And so went and stood by myself over against the further door of the three which led from the outer hall to the apartments, in which I could hear the murmur of women's voices. And it was lucky that I did so. For even as I reached the door a sharp cry of terror came from within, and there at the inner portal I caught sight of a narrow, foxy, peering visage, and a lean writhing figure prone like a worm on its belly. The rascal had been crawling towards Helene's room, for what purpose I know not. Nor did I stop to ask, for, being stung by the taunt of the man-at-arms, I was on Foxface in a moment, stamping upon him with my iron-shod feet, and then lifting him unceremoniously by the slackness of his back covertures, I turned him over and over like a wheel, tumbling him out of the doorway with an astonishing clatter, shedding knives and daggers as he went.

It was certainly a pity for the fellow that Boris had taunted me so lately. But the abusing of him gave me great comfort. And as he whirled past the group at the fire, Jorian caught him on the round of his back with a stray spit, also without asking any questions, whereat the fellow went out at the wide front door by which we had first entered, revolving in a cloud of dust. And where he went after that I have no idea. To the devil, for all I care.

But Boris, standing quietly by his own door, was evidently somewhat impressed by my good luck. For soon after this he came over to me. I thought he might be about to apologize for his rudeness. And so perhaps he was, but it was in his own way.

"Did you spoil your dagger on him?" he asked, anxiously, yet for the first time speaking to me as a man speaks to his equal.

"No," said I; "but I stubbed my toe, jarring it upon the rascal's backbone as he went through the door."

"Ah!" he replied, thoughtfully, nodding his head;

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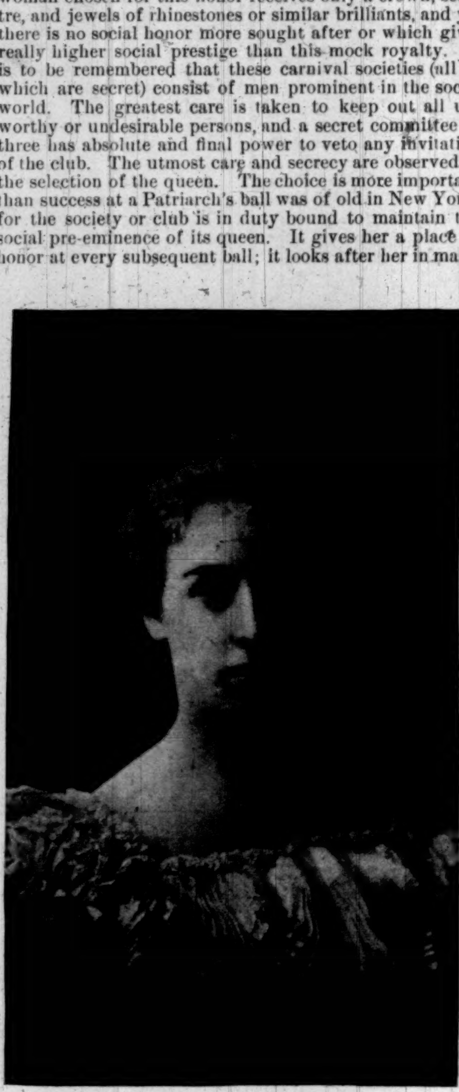
* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2141.

commercial spirit in the festival—the celebration being held not through any desire to attract strangers, but for the amusement of the townsmen themselves, and for the sake of the social prestige which carnival honors bestow.

To the sober American from a distance the sight of a number of dignified gentlemen arrayed in court costume, covered with mock decorations, going through the formality of being made dukes, seems like child's play. And yet so thoroughly is the spirit of this mock court preserved that the numerous distinguished visitors, from President Grant down, who have been honored with carnival dukedoms have joined as heartily in the fun as the Orleanans themselves, and seemed to have enjoyed it as much as their more mercurial Southern brethren.

It is the same with the carnival queens. The young woman chosen for this honor receives only a crown, sceptre, and jewels of rhinestones or similar brilliants, and yet there is no social honor more sought after or which gives really higher social prestige than this mock royalty. It is to be remembered that these carnival societies (all of which are secret) consist of men prominent in the social world. The greatest care is taken to keep out all unworthy or undesirable persons, and a secret committee of three has absolute and final power to veto any invitation of the club. The utmost care and secrecy are observed in the selection of the queen. The choice is more important than success at a Patriarch's ball was of old in New York, for the society or club is in duty bound to maintain the social pre-eminence of its queen. It gives her a place of honor at every subsequent ball; it looks after her in many other ways; and with so many men prominent in society acting as her faithful knights, it is inevitable that the young woman who starts out as a queen will be a success. It is this fact that has enlisted the women of New Orleans so heartily in the carnival, and which is so largely responsible for its success.



MISS ANNIE SARIA,
Queen of Nereus.

MISS NOËL FORSYTHE,
Queen of the Carnival.

The carnival, as distinguished from "the season," began this year with the first of the masked balls, on January 30, and closed on mardi-gras (Shrove-Tuesday), February 22. Aside from the ordinary balls, germans, and entertainments which are common to all cities at this gay season, it included nine large masked balls, with tableaux, etc., and at which "queens" were chosen; five street parades and processions; while the last two days—but particularly the last one—were devoted to general masking, and were more or less celebrated as the carnival is in Latin countries.

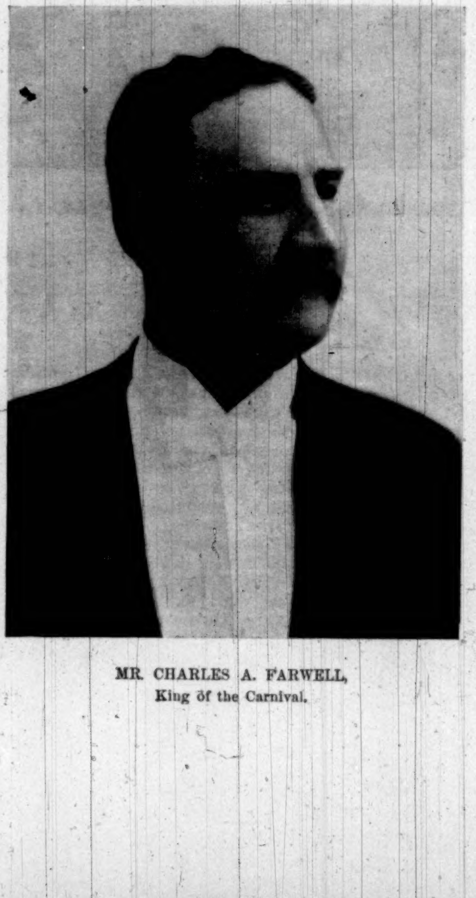
All the balls, with one exception, were given at the French Opera-house, a building well adapted to an entertainment of this kind because of its many tiers, its large foyers, and ample room. The parquet is covered over for dancing, and the boxes hold 4000 to 6000 persons.

These were but the prelude to the two big days of the carnival, lundi and mardi-gras, February 21 and 22, when business is generally suspended, and New Orleans and all the "strangers within its gates" are supposed to give themselves up to fun, jollity, and merriment. The programme is much the same as that of the carnival in Nice. On Monday the king of the carnival, somewhat pleonastically styled "King Rex" by the populace, enters the capital city, New Orleans, and marches, accompanied by his dukes, his army, and his attendants, to the City Hall, where the Mayor hands over the keys of the city to him, and resigns in his favor. For that day and the next the king is Mayor and master of New Orleans, taking precedence over every one.

The arrival of Rex for some years past has been by way of the Mississippi River, which lends itself to a very handsome water display. The scene is always inspiring and beautiful.

This year a fleet of vessels, gayly decorated with bunting, steamed up the river. As it passed the American, French, and Austrian men-of-war stationed here it was received by a royal salute, and a similar salute was fired from batteries on shore. The king, accompanied by his royal court, all masked and in costume, and by the household troops, also masked and in costume, disembarked at the foot of Canal Street, the leading thoroughfare of the city, and which, like the Corso in Rome, is the centre of the carnival. Throughout the line of march, extending a mile from the river, that street was fairly covered with decorations of many colors—flags, pennants, etc.—prominent among which was the carnival flag of green, gold, and purple. All the "galleries," as the balconies are called which line that street from end to end, were furnished with extra posts to support the weight of 40,000 persons who from these "coigns of vantage" witnessed the parade and maskers below. Probably three times as many filled the street and sidewalks, a dense throng of struggling humanity. The royal procession consisted of the king, the dukes, the maskers, the various local and visiting military companies, and the marines and sailors of the American and foreign men-of-war. It was largely military.

At night Canal Street was brilliantly illuminated. Strings of electric lights extended some eight or ten blocks on both sides, while the clubs and leading stores displayed brilliant illuminations in colored lights, either electric or gas—mottoes, crowns, and other insignias. In this blaze of light the Knights of Proteus gave their parade of "Wonderland." It is acknowledged by all to have been the handsomest display of its kind ever seen in New Orleans, in the brilliancy of the tableaux and in the splendor of the costumes. One wandered amid birds, butterflies, and flowers, in coral caves under "the roots of the ocean," amid enchanted forests, where griffins, dragons, and other fabulous beasts held sway. And the Opera-house at night was indeed a wonderland.



MR. CHARLES A. FARWELL,
King of the Carnival.

February 22 was mardi-gras ("Fat Tuesday") in New Orleans. It is the day for promiscuous masking, when thousands of maskers turn out and pelt you, not with the flour, as of old in this city, or with the Italian confetti or flowers, but with genuine candies; the day when the minor carnival organizations parade, when the streets filled with wandering bands of minstrels, troops of In ians, cannibals, masquerade sailors, clowns, ballerines, et when the greatest license is allowed, and when every o is supposed to indulge in his favorite folly. There is order or system, but most of the maskers congregate Canal Street, and the scene is brightest and liveliest the

It was in the midst of this congregation of people, mas ed and unmasked, that the king of the carnival and followers marched in parade in the afternoon. The mous boeuf-gras ("the fatted ox"), the finest and larg animal that can be found anywhere in the country, ga decorated with ribbons and garlands for the sacrifice, the parade, which was marshalled by Rex and Geor Washington, in honor of the fact that mardi-gras fell t year, for the first time in half a century, on Washingto birthday. The subject of the parade was "The Ha vests," and the tableaux represented the harvest season nearly all the chief crops of the world. There was a c ton tableau, shaded by an immense open cotton boll, u der which the negro hands picked cotton and danced a sung negro melodies to the banjo. There was a tea-g den in China surrounded by tea-trees, a coffee-plantati with a kiosk in which Turks were drinking Mocha, and with corn, wheat, rice, sugar, grapes, oranges, etc. Ea harvest showed a distinctive and characteristic scene.

At a signal at dusk all the "mardi-gras," as they a popularly called in New Orleans, are required to unmas as it has been found dangerous to allow street maski after dark. At night the Mystick Krewe of Comus, t oldest of the carnival associations of New Orleans, an the most celebrated, gave their forty-third parade an ball, choosing as the subject "Shakespeare." There we twenty tableaux from as many of Shakespeare's play and these produced not only the costumes, but the su roundings, the *mise en scène* of each play. There wa *Macbeth* in his uncanny interview with the witches; *Richard III.* and his court; *Jaques*, *Rosalind*, and all the *dramatis personæ* of "As You Like It" in the forest; an *Lear*, *Cymbeline*, *Shylock*, and the other characters o Shakespeare's plays.

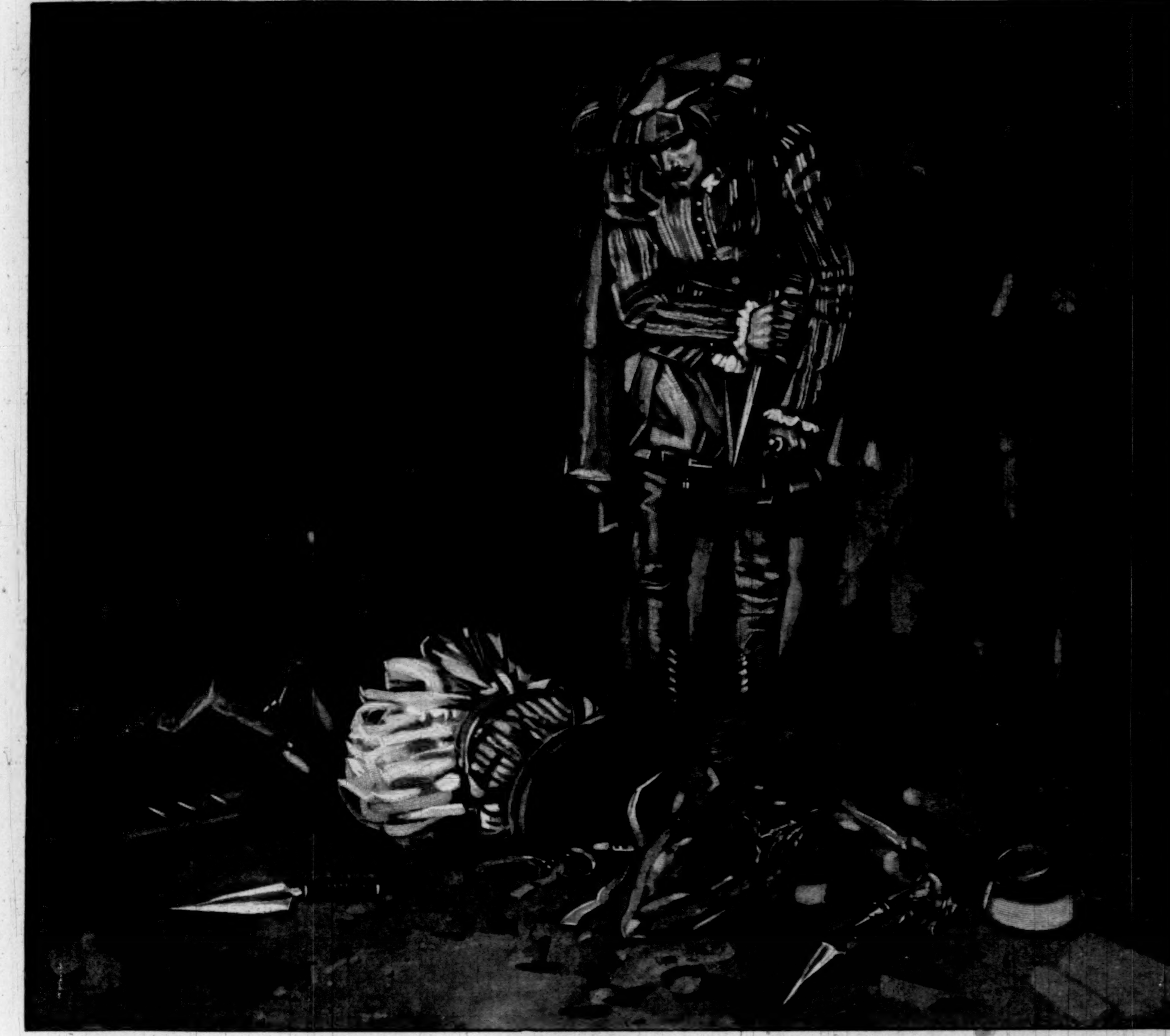
MISS MARITTE WILTZ,
Queen of Mithras.

New Orleans is supposed to dance out the carniva and the night saw 20,000 to 30,000 persons at the sever balls given, the most important of which were those o Rex, given at the Washington Artillery Hall—where silver jubilee was celebrated, it being the twenty-fift year of the king's reign—and those of Comus at th French Opera-house. The Comus ball, being the last o the carnival, is the scene of an event which could occu nowhere in this country save in New Orleans, and whic is very distinctive and characteristic of the carnival This is the congress or congregation of the carnival king and queens and maids of honor. Each of the nine organi zations chooses a queen and from three to six maids o honor from among the most popular society young wo men. All of these ladies meet at the Comus ball, an there is consequently a gathering of royalty, with all th insignia of crowns and sceptres, not often to be met wit in a republican country. The scene is really imposing and is probably the prettiest of the entire carnival, fo the rich costumes of the maskers, the bright dresses o the ladies, and the blaze of the crowns and royal jewelr make an *ensemble* which cannot here be discussed, can b appreciated only by those who have seen it, and is neve forgotten by those who have enjoyed the pleasure of witnessing it.

In this "blaze of glory" the New Orleans carnival ha just closed—and with such success that the gentleme who are principally responsible for it have already gon to work for next year's carnival, for it is a case of "Le ro est mort! Vive le roi!" And one carnival is no sooner ove than its successor is arranged for.

While the carnival is given primarily for pleasure an enjoyment, it has proved of positive advantage to New Orleans by bringing so many visitors here and making them acquainted with it under pleasant and favorable conditions.

NORMAN WALKER.



THE RED AXE.*

BY S. R. CROCKETT,

AUTHOR OF "LOCHINVAR," "THE GRAY MAN," "THE STICKIT MINISTER," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK RICHARDS.

CHAPTER XXI.

I STAND SENTRY.

THERE are (say some) but two things worth making in the world—war and love. But since, being laid up during the unkindly monotony of our Baltic spring by an ancient wound, I fell to the writing of this history, I would add to these two worthy adventures—the making of books. Which, till I tried my hand at the task myself, I would in no wise have allowed. But now, when the days are easterly of wind and the lashing water beats on the leaded lozenges of the window lattice, I am fain to stretch myself, and take a new pen, and be at it again all day.

But I must e'en think of them that are to read me, and of their pain if I overstretch my privilege. Besides, if I prove over long in the wind they may not read me at all, which would somewhat mar my purpose.

I was speaking, therefore, of being in the watch and ward of two women, each of whom (in my self-conceit I thought it) certainly regarded me without dislike. God forgive me for thinking so much, when they had never plainly told me so! Nevertheless, I took the thing for granted, as it were. And, as I said before, it has been my experience that, if it be done with a careful and delicate hand, more is gained with women by taking things for granted than by the smoothest tongue and longest Jacob-and-Rachael service. The man who succeeds with good women is the man who takes things for granted. Only he must know exactly what things; otherwise I am mortally sorry for him. He will have a rough road to travel. But to my tale.

Jorian ushered Ysolinde and Helene into the rooms from which he had so unceremoniously ousted the former tenants. How these chambers were lighted in the daytime I could not at first make out, but by going to the end of the long passage and leaning out of a window the mystery was made plain. The ravine took an abrupt turn at this point, so that we were in a house built round an angle, and so had the benefit of light from both sides.

"And where are our rooms to be?" I asked of the stout soldier when he returned.

Jorian pointed to the plain hard earth of the passage.

"That is poor lodging for tired bones!" I said. "Have they no other rooms to let anywhere in the hostelry?"

He laughed again; indeed, he seemed to be able to do little else whenever he spoke to me.

"Tired bones will lie the stiller," said he at last. "There is some wheaten straw out there which you can bring in for a bolster, if you will. But I think it likely that we shall get no more sleep than the mouse in the cat's dining-room this night. These border rascals are very apt to be restless in the dark hours, and their knives prick sharp."

With that he went out, leaving the doors into the passages all open, and presently I could hear him raging and rummaging athwart the house, ordering this one to find him "Graubünden fleisch," the next to get him some good bread, and not to attempt to palm off "cow-cake" upon honest soldiers on pain of getting his stomach cut open, together with other amenities of a seasoned man-at-arms foraging in an unfriendly country.

Then, having returned successful from this quest, what was my admiration to see Jorian (whom I had called—and I began to be sorry for it—a Wendish pig) strip his fine soldier's coat and hang it upon a peg by the door, roll up his sleeves, and set to at the cooking in the great open fireplace with the swinging black crooks against the front wall, while Boris stood with his long pistolet ready in the hollow of his arm, and his slow-match alight, by the doorway of the ladies' apartment.

I went and stood by the long man for company. And after a little he became much more friendly.

"Why do you stand with your match alight?" I asked of him, after we had been awhile silent.

"Why, to keep a border knife out of Jorian's back, of course, while he is turning the fry in the pan," said he, as simply as if he had said that 'twas a fine night.

"I wish I could help," I sighed, a little wistfully, for I wished him to think well of me.

"What!" he exclaimed; "with the frying-pan? Well, there is the basting-ladle," he retorted, and laughed in his old manner.

I own that, being yet little more than a lad, the tears stood in my eyes to be so flouted and made nothing of.

"I will show you, perhaps sooner than you think, that I am neither a coward nor a babe!" I said, in high anger.

And so went and stood by myself over against the further door of the three which led from the outer hall to the apartments, in which I could hear the murmur of women's voices. And it was lucky that I did so. For even as I reached the door a sharp cry of terror came from within, and there at the inner portal I caught sight of a narrow, foxy, peering visage, and a lean writhing figure prone like a worm on its belly. The rascal had been crawling towards Helene's room, for what purpose I know not. Nor did I stop to ask, for, being stung by the taunt of the man-at-arms, I was on Foxface in a moment, stamping upon him with my iron-shod feet, and then lifting him unceremoniously by the slackness of his back covertures, I turned him over and over like a wheel, tumbling him out of the doorway with an astonishing clatter, shedding knives and daggers as he went.

It was certainly a pity for the fellow that Boris had taunted me so lately. But the abusing of him gave me great comfort. And as he whirled past the group at the fire, Jorian caught him on the round of his back with a stray spit, also without asking any questions, whereat the fellow went out at the wide front door by which we had first entered, revolving in a cloud of dust. And where he went after that I have no idea. To the devil, for all I care.

But Boris, standing quietly by his own door, was evidently somewhat impressed by my good luck. For soon after this he came over to me. I thought he might be about to apologize for his rudeness. And so perhaps he was, but it was in his own way.

"Did you spoil your dagger on him?" he asked, anxiously, yet for the first time speaking to me as a man speaks to his equal.

"No," said I; "but I stubbed my toe, jarring it upon the rascal's backbone as he went through the door."

"Ah!" he replied, thoughtfully, nodding his head;

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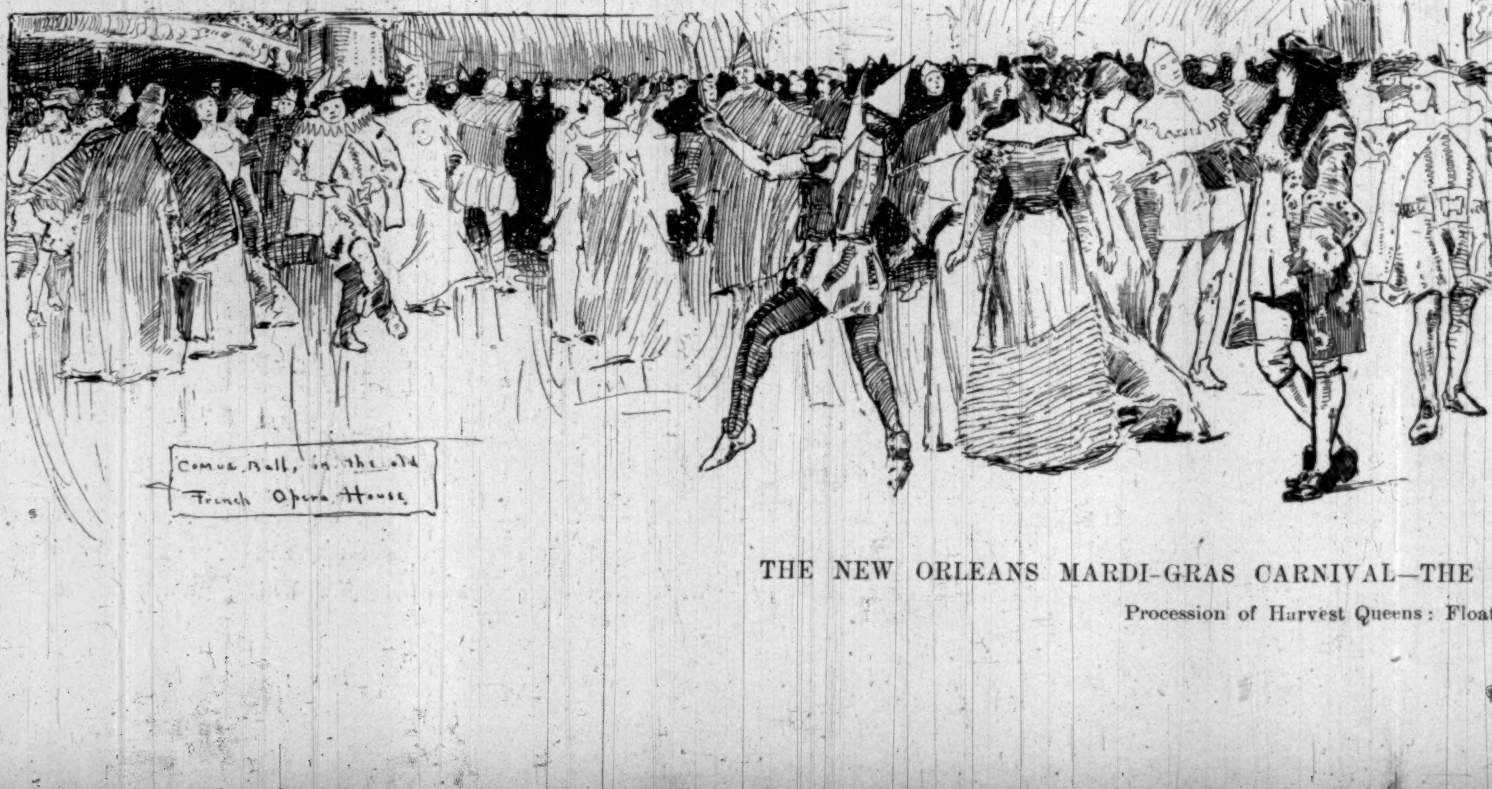
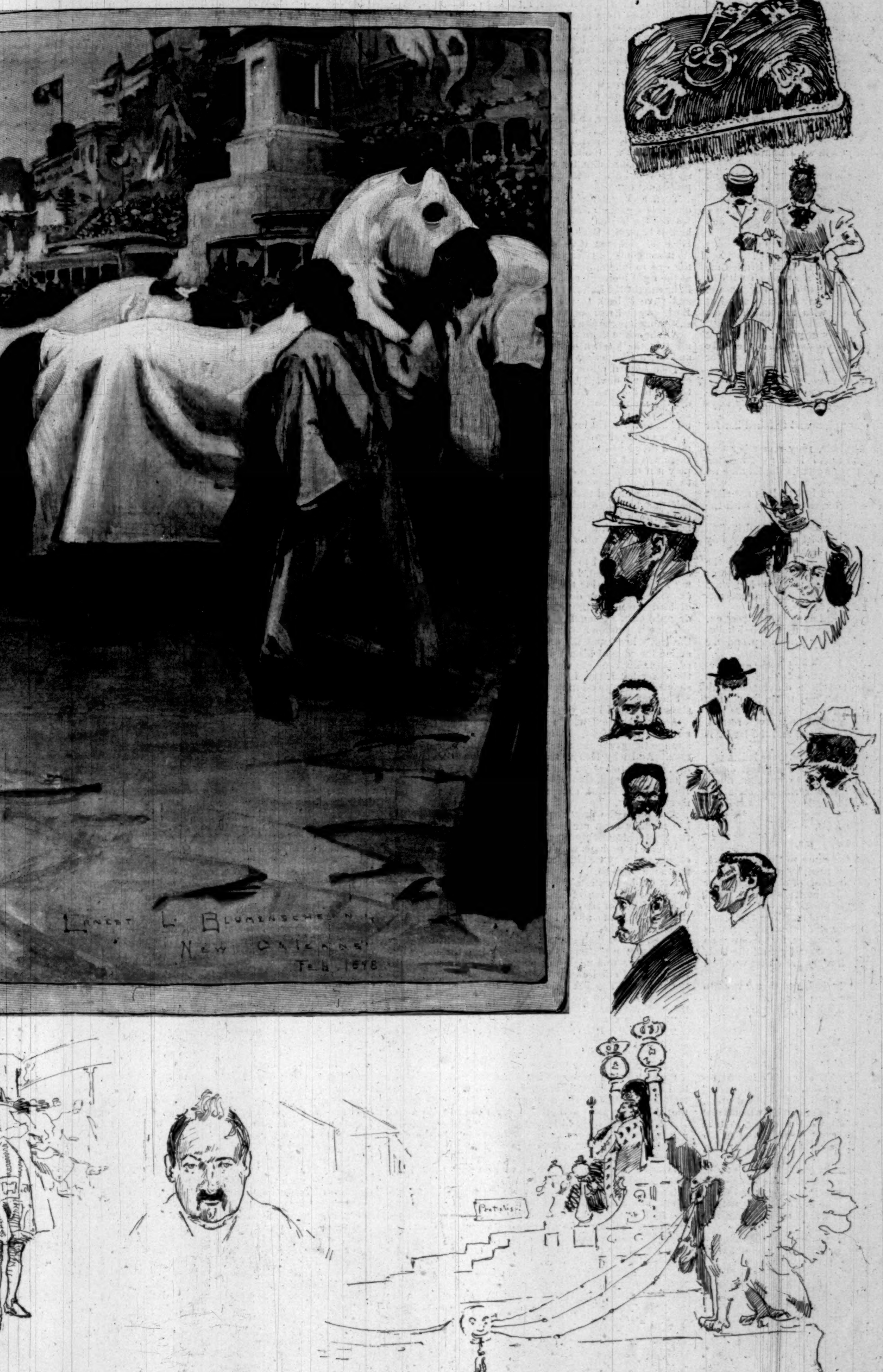
* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2141.


Comus Ball, in the old French Opera House

THE NEW ORLEANS MARDI-GRAS CARNIVAL—THE

Procession of Harvest Queens: Float


Ernest L. Blumenschein
New Orleans
Feb. 1898
Postoffice

HE REX PAGEANT.—Drawn by E. L. Blumenschein.

Float representing Coffee.

"that was more fitting for such as he. But you may get a chance at him with the dagger yet, or the night be over."

And with that he went back to his door, blowing up his match as he went.

Presently the supper was pronounced cooked, and, after washing his hands, Jorian resumed his coat, amid the universal attention of the motley crew in the great hall, and began to dish up the fragrant stew. He had been collecting for it all day upon the march, now knocking over a rabbit with a bolt from his cross-bow, now picking some leaves of lettuce and water-cress when he chanced upon a running stream or a neglected garden—of which last (thanks to Duke Casimir) there were numbers along the route we had traversed.

Then, when he had made all ready, our sturdy cook dished the stew into a great wooden platter—rabbits, partridges, scraps of dried flesh, bits of bacon for flavoring, fresh eggs, vegetables in handfuls, all covered with a dainty-smelling sauce, deftly compounded of gravy and red wine.

Then Jorian and Boris, one taking the heap of wooden platters and the other the smoking bowl of stew, marched solemnly within. But before he went Boris handed me his pistolet without a word, and the slow-match with it. Which, as I admit, made me feel monstrously unsafe. However, I took the engine across my arm and stood at attention as I had seen him do, with the match thrust through my waistband.

Then I felt as if I had suddenly grown at least a foot taller, and my joy was changed to ecstasy when the Lady Ysolinde, coming out quickly, I knew not at first for what purpose, found me thus standing sentinel and blowing importantly upon my slow-match.

"Hugo," she said, kindly, looking at me with the aquamarine eyes with the opal glints in them, "come thy ways in and sit with us."

I made her a salute with my piece and thanked her for her good thought.

"But," said I, "Lady Ysolinde, pray remember that this is a place of danger, and that it is more fitting that we who have the honor to be your guards should dine together without your chamber doors."

"Nay," she said, impetuously, "I insist. It is not right that you, who are to be an officer, should mess with the common soldiers."

"My lady," said I, "I thank you deeply. And it shall be so when we are in safety. But let me have my way here and now."

She smiled upon me—liking me, as I think, none the worse for my stiffness. And so went away, and I was right glad to see her go. For I would not have lost what I had gained in the good opinion of these two men-at-arms—no, not for twenty maidens' favors.

But in that respect also I changed as the years went on. For of all things a boy loves not to be flouted and babyfied when he thinks himself already grown up and the equal of his elders in love and war.

So in a little while came out Jorian and Boris, and having carried in the bread, we three sat down to the remains of the stew. Indeed, I saw but little difference as to quantity from the time that Jorian had taken it in. For maids' appetites when they are anyways in love are precarious; but after they are assured of their love's return, then the back hunger comes upon them and the larder is made to pay all arrears.

Not that I mean to assert that either of these ladies was in love with me—far otherwise, indeed. For this it would argue the conceit of a jack-a-dandy to imagine, much more to write, such a thing. But, nevertheless, certain is it that they were both of small appetite.

CHAPTER XXII.

HELENE HATES ME.

However, when the provision came to the outer port, we three sat down about it, and then, by my troth, there was little to marvel at in the tardiness of our eating. For the rabbits seemed to come alive and positively leaped down our throats, the partridges almost flew at us out of the pot, the pigeons rejoiced to be eaten. The broth and the gravy ebbed lower and lower and left all dry. But as soon as we had picked the bones roughly, for there was no time for fine work, lest the others should get all the best, we threw the bones out to the hungry crew that watched us sitting round the stalls.

So after a while we came to the end, and then I went to the entrance of the chamber where were bestowed the Little Playmate and the Lady Ysolinde. For I began to be anxious how Helene would be able to comport herself in the company of one so dainty and full of devices and convenances as the lady of the Weiss Thor.

But, by my faith, I need not have troubled about our little lass. For if there any were embarrassed that one was certainly not Helene. And if any of us lacked reposefulness of manners, that one was certainly a staring jackanapes who did not know which foot to stand upon, nor yet how to sit down on the oaken settle when a seat was offered him, nor, last of all, when nor how to take his departure when he had once sat down. And of the identity of the jackanapes there needs no further particularity.

Nevertheless, I talked pleasantly enough with both of them, and I might have been an acquaintance of the day for all the notice that the Little Playmate took of me, even when the Lady Ysolinde told her, evidently not for the first time, of my standing sentry by the door and blowing upon the match at my girdle.

From without we heard presently the clapping of hands and loud merrymaking, so I went to find out what it might be that was causing such an uproar.

There I found Jorian and Boris giving a kind of exhibition of their skill in military exercises. It might be also that they desired to teach a lesson for the benefit of the wild robber border folk and the yet more ruffianly kempers who forgathered in this strange inn of Erdberg on the borders of the Mark.

I summoned the maids, that they might look on. For I wot the scene was a curious and pleasing one, and I could see that the eyes of the Lady Ysolinde glittered. But our little maid, being used to all these things from her youth, cared nothing for it, though the thing was indeed marvellous in itself.

When I went out our two men-at-arms had each of them in hand his straight Wendish Tolleknife, heavy at the end of the Swedish blade, light as to the handle, hafted with cork from Spain.

Ten yards apart, facing each other, they stood; and first of all each of them, poising the knife in the hollow of his hand with a peculiar dancing movement, set it writhing across the room at a marked circle on a board. The two knives sped simultaneously with a vicious whir, and stood quivering, with their blades touching each other, in the centre of the white. At the next trial so exactly had they been aimed that the point of the one hit upon the haft of the other, and stripped the cork almost to the blade. But Jorian, to whom the knife belonged, mended it with a piece of string, telling the company philosophically that it was no bad thing to have a string hanging loose to a Tolleknife, for when it went into any one the string would always hang out of the wound in order to pull it out by.

Then they got their knives again and played a more dangerous game. Jorian stood on guard with his knife, waving the blade slowly before him in the shape of a long-bodied letter S. Boris poised his weapon in the hollow of his hand, and sent it whirring straight at Jorian's heart. As it came buzzing like an angry bee, almost too quick for the eye to follow, Jorian flicked it deftly up into the air at the right moment, and without even taking his eye off it, he caught the knife by the handle as it fell. He bowed and gave it back to the thrower ceremoniously. Then Boris guarded, and Jorian in his turn threw with a like result, though perhaps a little less featly done on Boris's part.

All the while there was a clamant and manifold astonishment in the kitchen of the inn, together with a prodigal and much whispering wonder.

Then ensued other plays. Boris stood with his elbow crooked and his left hand on his hip, with his back also turned to Jorian. *Buzz!* went the knife. It flashed under the arch of Jorian's armpit, and, lo! it was caught in his right hand, which dropped upon it, like a hawk upon a rabbit, as it sped through his elbow port.

Then came shooting with the cross-bow, and I regretted much that I had only learned the six-foot yew, and that there was not one in the company, nor indeed room to display it if there had been. For I longed to do something to show that I was no milksop.

Now it chanced that there was in one corner a yearling calf that had been killed that day and hung up with a bar between its thighs. I saw an axe leaning in the corner—an axe with a broad-cutting edge—and I bethought me that perhaps, after all, I knew something which even Jorian and Boris were ignorant of. So, mindful of my father's teaching, I took the axe, and, before any one was aware of my intent, I swept the long-handled axe round my head, and getting the poise and distance for the slow drawing cut, which does not stop for bone or muscle, I divided the neck through at one blow so that the head dropped on the ground.

There was much applause and wonder. Men ran to lift the calf's head, and the owner of the axe came up to examine the edge of his weapon. I looked about. The eyes of the Lady Ysolinde were aflame with pleasure, but, on the other hand, the Little Playmate was crimson with shame. Tears stood in her beautiful eyes.

She marched straight up to me, and clinching her hands, she said, "Oh, I hate you!"

And so she went within to her chamber, and I saw her no more that night. Now I take all to witness what strange things are the mind and temper of the best of women. And why Helene thus spoke to me I know not—nay, even to this day I can hazard no right guess. But, as I have often said, God never made anything straight that He made beautiful, except only the line where the sea meets the sky.

And of all the pretty, crooked, tangled things that He has made, women are the prettiest, the crookedest, and the most distractingly tangled.

Which is perhaps why they are so everlastingly interesting, and why we blundering, ram-stam, homely favored men love them so.

But the best entertainment must come to an end. And the one in the inn of Erdberg lasted not so long as the telling of it—for the matter, being more comfortable than that which came after, I have perhaps not hurried so much as I might.

When at last both supper and entertainment were finished, and the platters huddled away into the hall without, there arose a mighty clamor, so that Jorian went to the door and cried out to the landlord to know what was the matter. The old brick-dusty knave came hulking forward, and with greatly increased respect he addressed the men-at-arms.

"What is your will, noble sirs?"

"I asked," said Jorian, "what was the reason of this so ill-favored noise. If your guests cannot be quiet, I will come among them with something that will settle the quarrels of certain of them in perpetuity."

So with sulky recurrent murmurs the fray finally settled itself, and for that time at least there was no more trouble. I went to the door of the Lady Ysolinde and the Little Playmate and cried in a courteous good-night. For I had been sorry to have Helene's "I hate you!" for a last word. And the Lady Ysolinde came to the door in a light robe of silk, and gave me her hand to kiss. But though I said, "A sweet sleep and a pleasant, Helene," no voice replied. Which I took very ill, seeing that I had done naught amiss that I knew of.

Then Jorian, Boris, and I made us comfortable for the night, and, being instructed by Boris, I set my straw with the foot of my bundle to the door, which opened inward upon us. Then putting my sword by my side and my other weapons convenient to my hand, I laid me down, and braced my feet firmly against the door, thus locking it safely.

Jorian and Boris did the same at the other entrances, and before the former went to sleep he arranged a tall candle that had been placed unlighted before a little shrine of the Virgin (for the folk were not wholly pagan) and lighted it, so that it shed a faint illumination on the long passage in which we were bestowed, and on the inner door of the ladies' apartment.

And though I was far from being in love, yet the thought of the wandering damsels, both so fair and so far from home, moved me deeply. And I was in act to waft a kiss towards the door, when Jorian caught me.

"What now?" he said; "art at thy prayers, lad?"

"Aye, that am I," said I—"towards the shrine of the Saints' Rest."

Now this was irreverent, and mayhap we were all punished for it. But at least it was on the level of the soldier's wit, though I own no great matter to cackle of.

"Ho! ho! Good!" chuckled Boris, under his breath. "One of them is a saint. But as to the other—well, let us ask the Prince. 'He hath a Princess, and she is oft upon her travels!' Ho! ho! ho!"

And the lout shook among his straw to such an extent that I bade him for God's dear sake to lie still, otherwise we might as well lie in a barn among questing rattons.

"The saints of your Saints' Rest defend us from lying among any worse!" said he, and betook him to sleep.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE CROCUS.

The crocus lifts its cup of burnished gold
All tremulous amid the blasts that blow,
And peeping from its coverlet of snow,
Smiles in the cloudless blue above it rolled.
A living ember in the whining cold,
It shyly shimmers in a molten glow,
And flaunts its flame while tossing to and fro,
Free as the winds that all its charms unfold,
This flaming censer speaks the fragrant dream
The earth will know when Martius' trump is still.
Then silver flakes will deck the orchard tree,
And at the cottage door the woodbines beam,
While the lone cricket fifes his lyric shrill,
And the white rose bends to the belted bee.

R. K. Munkittrick.

LONDON.

Valentine's Day, *February 14, 1898.*

Parliament has met for the session. On Friday night the dissolution of the alliance between the Liberals and the Nationalist Irish was finally accomplished. This event has long been expected, and has been brought about by Mr. J. Redmond, the ablest and most resolute of the many leaders of the Irish party. Foreseeing that during the existence of the present Parliament nothing could be done for home-rule, his strategy assumed the form of breaking up the party led by Mr. Dillon. Most astutely was this purpose accomplished by an amendment to the Queen's speech, humbly representing to her Majesty that the satisfaction of the demand of the Irish people for national self-government was the most urgent of all subjects of domestic policy, and that that demand could only be met by the concession of an independent Parliament, with an executive responsible thereto for all affairs distinctively Irish. The effect of this amendment was that of a bombshell. Sir William Harcourt, who is not believed ever to have sincerely approved of Mr. Gladstone's home-rule policy, was placed in a dilemma. If he voted for the Redmond amendment he would alienate his English Radical supporters, who are more intent on tinkering the British Constitution than making Ireland a nation. If, on the other hand, Sir William Harcourt voted against Mr. Redmond, it was clear that by following the government into the lobby he would dissolve "the Union of Hearts." This is precisely what has happened. Only three Liberals were found in the Irish lobby, and home-rule of the Gladstonian type may now be regarded as dead as Julius Cæsar. Mr. Dillon was also impaled on the horns of a dilemma. By failing to carry with him his Liberal allies in favor of the amendment, which he was compelled to support, it became clear to the British constituencies that the flimsy sham of the alliance between Liberals and Nationalists had disappeared in thin air, and with it the influence Mr. Dillon himself was supposed to exert. Probably the Irish question will now assume a new phase, and will be dealt with by new men. Sir William Harcourt's smartness has overreached himself. Mr. Dillon is an extinct volcano, and for the moment the physical-force party is the only one commanding any real influence, either in Ireland or in the House of Commons, on Nationalist Irish affairs.

In foreign affairs the air is thick with rumor. Events that are happening behind the scenes are not altogether allowed to leak into the newspapers. At the time of writing, the Chinese problem, important as it is, is not fraught with such immediately sinister possibilities as the Anglo-French dispute in West Africa. I understand that matters have reached a deadlock. The French are occupying territory admittedly belonging to England. They refuse to budge, reckoning, it is said, on Lord Salisbury's unwillingness to go to war on any question that does not involve organic national interests. The occupation of Boussa, in the great bend of the Niger, is a serious menace to the peace of the world. I am informed that Monsieur Hanotaux and the French ministry are between the devil and the deep sea. Personally willing to maintain treaty obligations, they are afraid to do so because of the press and of public opinion. Yielding to England on any point would hurl them from office. On the other hand, if they do not surrender their untenable position there is grave danger of international troubles. The patience shown by Lord Salisbury under existing circumstances is to be explained on more rational grounds than timidity or unwillingness to go to war for the defence of British interests. The present state of France, as I hinted in last month's letter, is one of revolutionary excitement. Should the present ministry be ejected from office there is positively no man and no set of men to whom France can safely turn for guidance and control. In the opinion of many members of Parliament and other leaders of thought in England, France is on the eve of a new political upheaval. If Lord Salisbury at the present time were to insist on British rights in West African swamps, the solidarity of our brave neighbors would be at once re-established. By playing a waiting game the weakness of France from internal dissensions is likely to develop, and at the proper time England may obtain restitution of her rights without war. Neither the papers nor public speakers have given this as the explanation of British long-suffering in West Africa, but I am convinced that it is true, and in the course of a short time the French will retire from Boussa.

The one point upon which cabinet anxieties have been really roused is the attempt of the French to seize the head-waters of the Nile. Mr. Cavendish, a relation of the Duke of Devonshire, is about to head a well armed and equipped expedition to the Upper Nile. This expedition is not official, but her Majesty's government regards the enterprise with a sentiment somewhat warmer than benevolent neutrality. It is believed that this expedition will be in time to save the situation. The French have been warned by Liberal and Unionist administrations that any attempt to occupy the region of the Upper Nile would be construed by England as an unfriendly act. In diplomatic language this means that England will fight to prevent it. Events are marching fast in those regions, and before long the attempt to capture Khartoum will reveal many things that are now hid. Some apprehension is expressed as to the attitude of King Menelek, but those who are personally acquainted with Abyssinia and its ruler express themselves as confident that he will "run straight," and adhere to the stipulations of the treaty recently signed on behalf of the Queen by Mr. Rennell Rodd.

The China question is simmering, and it is unlikely, if St. Petersburg is obeyed, that any complications will ensue during the next few months, unless the Japanese make a sudden dash on the Russian fleet. Government is strengthening the China squadron. Two more battle-ships, the *Barfleur* and the *Victorious*, have been ordered out to China. More cruisers are to follow. If war were to ensue, the English fleet would now be able to do more than hold its own. Admiral Seymour, the new commander-in-chief in China, is considered one of the ablest admirals in the English service. At recent naval manœuvres he has exhibited qualities of decision and resource that have given him a very high place in the esteem and respect of his profession. A fortnight ago all the available coal in the far East was secretly bought up by the Admiralty, and for some months to come England will occupy a most favorable position as regards the mobility of her naval forces in Chinese waters.

It is interesting, in connection with Anglo-Russian relations in the far East, to note the fact that the Prince of Wales is understood to have played a considerable part in maintaining a good understanding with the Czar. The friendship established at the funeral of Alexander III. has borne good fruit. It has long been known that no love is lost between the Prince of Wales and his nephew the Kaiser. When Prince Henry paid his mysterious visit to London, on his way to China, he attempted to see the Prince of Wales, with the view of delivering personal messages from his imperial brother. It is stated that Prince Henry even went so far as to follow the Prince of Wales to his box at the theatre. The Prince, however, refused to see him. This significant episode is not likely to have taken place without the approval of the Foreign Office. The inference to be drawn from the occurrence in question is that there is a clearer understanding, for the present, at all events, between England and Russia than is generally believed. Russian declarations, however, as to the freedom of trade at Port Arthur, inspire no confidence here. The record of Russia on the subject of pledges is a bad one. It is needless to contrast in parallel columns the promises made by Russian statesmen with the dates on which they were broken. When Sir Vesey Hamilton hauled down the British flag at Port Arthur the Russian minister, Monsieur Ladygensky, pledged the sacred word of his imperial master that under no circumstances would Russia thereafter interfere with the internal affairs of Korea. The value of that promise is now apparent. When Russia has completed her land conquests of Manchooria we shall hear something more of Port Arthur and the freedom of trade.

Sir Michael Hicks-Beach is being strongly, if privately, criticised for his introduction of the word "war" into his recent speech on the China question. It is considered that the use of such language, in the absence of active measures, such as calling out the naval and military reserves, compromises the dignity of the country. When England is going to war she will become polite; but the unmistakable signal of intended action, whatever language may be employed, will be found in the mobilization of the reserve fleet. The distinctive note in the teaching of the public schools of England, at which practically the whole of our governing classes are educated, is detestation of anything like brag, bluster, or boastfulness. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach is considered to have erred, not because he threatened war without necessity, but because the use of such language should invariably be accompanied by the outward and visible signs of a resolve to use the offensive resources of the empire.

Although little of the inside of European politics is generally known, two factors in the problem of the far East have leaked out which must be taken into account. I have reason to know that during the past five months a confidential report on Continental armaments has been prepared by the British naval and military attachés belonging to the embassies concerned. This report shows that the experts believe that the Dual Alliance would be likely to win in a set struggle with Germany, Austria, and Italy. The other factor in the problem is that the Russian Emperor is greatly overworked; and being conscientious and self-denying, he is believed never to approach the really important questions of state policy, but is entangled in a net-work of details cunningly prepared by his advisers, who desire to keep power in their own hands. The effect of this preoccupation of the Czar is that, against his will, Anglo-Russian complications might unexpectedly ensue at any moment. An excited or over-patriotic captain of a Russian gunboat in the China seas has the power to bring on war. People who do not know Russia do not well appreciate the slenderness of the control exercised by St. Petersburg over the distant portions of the empire. Again and again in the course of recent Asiatic campaigns a Russian general has taken the bit between his teeth. Skobeleff repeatedly acted in this way. A naval Skobeleff may yet undo the Czar's pacific plans.

Although the air is a little clearer all round, calculations that peace is positively assured would be premature and over sanguine. There is a growing habit of newspaper readers to look at the day's telegrams as if they stood alone. Cablegrams are nothing more than snap-shots of momentary incidents in a drama that will take years to develop. The essential conditions of the problem in the far East must be read into every day's telegrams. Collision between Russia and Japan is inevitable. The only question is whether Russian diplomacy will not succeed in obscuring and confusing the issue of Great Britain's defence of the world's open commerce with China, and forcing upon her the dilemma of either allowing Japan to be crushed or entering into an alliance with the Japanese. To-day England is isolated. To-morrow her isolation might become outlawry if she were to join Japan against a European power. Such a combination would mean an alliance with yellow men and a pagan creed against white men, Christians, and Europeans. Already England is charged with being a "bad European." To consort with Japan on equal terms would render an aggressive war on Russia, even if victorious, scarcely less dangerous than defeat. Most writers on the subject who support the Japanese alliance ignore the fact that the first gun fired in anger in the China seas will transfer the venue of the quarrel to the English Channel and the Mediterranean. There are no Japanese battle-ships in Western waters available for a British alliance. It is obvious that the China question, if it comes to a fight, will be settled off Beachy Head, Brest, or the mouths of the Nile—not off Kiao-chou or in the Gulf of Pechili. Furthermore, religious opinion in England—especially High-Churchmen, who long for a reconciliation with the Eastern Church—is opposed to a pagan alliance. Non-conformists, who form the bulk of the groups into which the Liberal party is divided, have not forgotten the Japanese massacres at Port Arthur and Formosa. The weight of religious opinion is undeniable.

So far as I know, no details have been published with regard to the Japanese massacres at Formosa, although the Port Arthur tragedy is well understood. A friend of mine was the only English witness of a scene without parallel in modern warfare. Perched on the roof of a house overlooking a square in which were paraded three captured Chinese regiments, he witnessed the butchery. Disarmed, and commanded by Japanese artillery, the Chinese soldiers were helpless. Two Japanese regiments were ordered to strip to the waist, and with a short stabbing bayonet in the hands of each soldier the Chinese were butchered to a man. My friend declares that the Japanese thoroughly enjoyed themselves. Englishmen have many faults, but they are a proud people, and their pride recoils against an equal alliance with Japan. When our ministers say that the country will fight rather than see the door into China shut with a clang, they mean what they say. I have reason to believe that all Lord Salisbury's plans are made without reference to an alliance with yellow men. Japanese may be employed as mercenaries, and England may even use her fleet for the protection of the island kingdom in its extremity. So far as I can gauge the most sober and best informed public opinion, no offensive and defensive alliance on equal terms with Japan will be entered into by England so long as Lord Salisbury is Premier. In the long-run the man in the street governs the empire, and during the last few months heavy demands have been made upon his sagacity and self-control. Again and again in our "rough island story" the courage and strong sense of the people have enabled their rulers to win their way through troubles which might have overwhelmed a more emotional Latin race. When things have looked their blackest, the price of consols has never wavered. No public meeting has been held to alarm the people and hamper the government. The only offensive and defensive alliance which the common people desire is one with the United States. Any British cabinet, however, which went cap in hand to the Japanese Emperor would not live a week.

The possibility of a national struggle for existence is much in men's minds. Thoughtful and serious people are facing the fact that if Britain were compelled to fight for equality of opportunity in the world's trade and were to lose, it would be better that the British Empire should break up, and even that half the population of the United Kingdom should die quickly and gloriously, than that our race should tamely submit to be slowly bled to death by loss of trade inflicted by foreign military despotism. I lay stress upon this point because Englishmen are weary of reading in the world's press that they have lost their spirit, courage, and resolve. The educated classes and proletariat alike were never more unanimous or determined to maintain British rights at all costs.

Efforts are being made by the Navy League to explain to the public the effect on the population of the United Kingdom of a moderately successful war. One of the two great evils to be faced would be the inevitable rise in the price of bread. It is calculated that the four-pound loaf would be at a shilling within a few days of the outbreak of war. The other immediate consequence of the cutting of the cables and the declaration of war by two first-class powers would be a commercial panic the like of which has never been seen. The enormous structure of credit built upon a slender foundation of gold specie would temporarily collapse. One of our greatest financial authorities, whose name commands attention from commercial men throughout the civilized world, tells me that in the event of war with two first-class powers the Bank of England would probably suspend specie payment for a short time, but that the suspension of the Bank Charter Act would be followed by a restoration of confidence a few days after. Cable communication, moreover, might not be quickly restored, and the first few days of the war, and probably many of the cruiser actions, would be adverse to British arms. England would require to win all the fleet actions if she were to survive. Even if successful in this, no indemnity could be exacted from Russia and France. Neither could their territory be held. The people who would profit most by a great war would be the Western farmer of the United States of America, who would enjoy high prices and an illimitable market for all that he could sell. But Britain is not yet in the position of the under dog.

The election for the appointment of a new County Council will soon take place. The election will be fought on one issue, and on one only. According to Sir John Lubbock, this issue is as follows: What duties shall be taken by the London County Council, and what shall be left to private enterprise. That is the main question. There are other subsidiary issues, of course, but the election will be lost and won according as the electors decide on the one main point. It is a fight between socialism of a meddlesome kind and the individualism described in Mill's *Liberty*.

Two accusations are preferred against the County Council. It is alleged that the present councillors are prone to look upon the immediate effect of a measure, and not upon the ultimate result, and that there is a growing tendency among them to undertake functions which are outside the province of a municipality. In order to illustrate the last count of this indictment, the case may be cited of workmen's dwellings, and the action therein by the council. In nine years the County Council have spent in round numbers $2,500,000 on the erection of these dwellings, and have provided accommodation for 6000 people. Such an expenditure would have warranted a more satisfactory result. On the other hand, several artisans'-dwelling companies have demonstrated the possibility that tenement blocks can be built well and with due regard to sanitation while at the same time yielding a rate interest to the shareholders. The County Council, with the rates of London, erected their dwellings with the object of providing decent accommodation for the working-classes. This object could have been gained with greater ease and at an eighth of the cost by providing proper inspection for tenement blocks already in existence. It must be confessed that in the matter of workmen's dwellings the County Council has obtained the minimum of success with the maximum of cost. In any case the Moderates contend that the duty of a municipal body is to govern, not to engage in speculative building operations. Turning to the performance of the Works Committee, this department has executed work not superior to that of private contractors, but at a greater cost. So far from having benefited the workmen of London, the department has driven many of the builders away to other towns, and has thereby deprived their London employés of a living. The loss of money consequent on the operations of the Works Committee is inevitable when one considers that the management is under the control of amateurs who do not know and never will know the work as well as private builders who have devoted their lives to the business. The establishment of the Works Committee has cost the rate-payers $200,000, and this is considered an appropriate time to check this waste of public money.

Socialistic doctrines are finding increasing favor with the Progressive party. According to Mr. Webb, a distinguished member of that party, the County Council should take over the management of the docks, hospitals, and bakers' shops. The same gentleman afterwards declared that he would contemplate without alarm the imposition of a rate of twenty shillings in the pound. It is declared that while shorter hours and an ample remuneration is to be offered those who work with their hands, "the council shall jealously control the increase of large salaries" for intellectual work. If the London County Council were to put a premium on the acceptance of bribes by their officials, they could not have gone a better way to work. Still, the main charge against the municipal Socialists is not that they are corrupt, but that they are wasteful, silly, and totally ignorant of the businesses they aspire to control.

Men of letters have been stirred by the action of the editor of the *Academy* in "crowning" Mr. Stephen Phillips's *Poems* as the book of the year 1897. Not one in a thousand had heard of Mr. Phillips. The little book of a hundred pages scarcely sold until the *Academy* awarded the writer a hundred guineas, and two days later Mr. John Lane, the publisher, tells me that he was selling five hundred a day. The author—a poor man—is made for life. I gather that Mr. Phillips is a young man; has been on the stage, married a lady from the ranks of the same profession, and found in poetry the solace of a life saddened by narrow circumstances. No serious criticism is raised against the justice of the award, although many competent judges consider—and I agree with them—that Captain Mahan's *Life of Nelson* is entitled to the honor of being the epoch-making book of 1897, if its effect on the destiny of men and of nations is weighed in the balance. Mr. Phillips's genius, unlike that of Captain Mahan, is one that appeals neither to emperors nor to the masses. His disciples are few, and the music of his song is in the minor key. Still, the poem "Marpessa" and "Christ in Hades" and "The Wife" are likely to give Mr. Phillips a place in history, and every one is glad of the discovery that a new singer has risen among us. That the fountain of honor in literary matters should be acceptably transferred from the Queen to a threepenny weekly journal is a significant example of popular reaction against the system under which "honors" are conferred by ministers. To honor letters and art is one of the functions of a court. With a political leader-writer as Poet-Laureate, and Algernon Swinburne unrecognized, the close of the Victorian era fitly exemplifies the utilitarian tendencies of a prosaic age. We shall certainly see more of the plan inaugurated by the *Academy*. Fountains of honor will bubble up in all directions like the geysers in Yellowstone Park.

The play of the month is "Trelawney of the Wells," by Mr. Pinero. Crinolines, Balmoral boots, and white cotton stockings for the ladies, with "peg-tops" for the men, carry the memories of the middle-aged back to the mid-Victorian era. In the "sixties" hoops, soul-destroying discords of color, and an incomprehensible mania for ugliness were the features of the time. If the bicycle had been invented during the reign of the crinoline one or the other must have disappeared. The girl of to-day laughs derisively at the picture of her mother, and wonders how girls could make themselves such frights in pork-pie hats, chignons, and spangled hair-nets. But the beauties of the "sixties" contrived to inspire as much admiration and affection as their daughters to-day. "Trelawney of the Wells," by the acting of Miss Hilda Spong, Miss Pattie Browne, and Miss Irene Vanburgh with her twenty-four flounces, demonstrates the reason. Middle-aged men are rushing to see this play. Tender chords of memory are awakened.

Arnold White.

BRIGHT SKIES IN THE WEST

BY

FRANKLIN MATTHEWS

VII.—RAISING PURE-BRED CATTLE.

IN various States of the Middle West there are ranches where large numbers of what are known as pure-bred cattle are raised. It is a business requiring a large amount of capital invested in a costly plant, consisting of land and buildings and hundreds of the highest grade of cattle, many of them having been imported. These ranches exist because of the constant effort on the part of those who raise cattle to sell for food to improve the quality of their herds, so as not only to maintain prices and quality in this country, but to compete in the English market with importations of cattle from other countries, especially the Argentine Republic.

At the annual meeting of the Live Stock Exchange, held at Sioux City, Iowa, on December 3 last, the president of the organization had two special recommendations to make regarding cattle. One was to improve the stock, "gradually refining or getting rid of the common or plain class of cattle by crossing the breed with the best grades to be obtained, and continue this cross-breeding until we have nothing in this country but the half, three-quarter, and thoroughbreds, the last being desirable for breeding purposes principally, as this animal is not so profitable as the half or three-quarter strain . . . . which is more desirable for food than the thoroughbred." The other suggestion was to market cattle under the age of three years, and especially "to improve more and more the quality of our output, until it is recognized and accorded the palm of superiority it so justly deserves, unequalled by that of any other nation."

A PRIZE HEREFORD BULL.

It has been found that cattle which are one-half to three-quarters thoroughbred sell from fifty cents to one dollar and fifty cents more a hundred-weight than the native cattle that used to form the chief product of the cattle industry even a dozen years ago. The improved breeds have large quantities of meat high up on the back, and produce more porterhouse and sirloin meat and rib roasts than the old-time cattle. They are broad-backed rather than pointed, and at what is known as the "heart girth" many of them are almost round, the outline being close to that of a circle. These cattle take on flesh rapidly when fed for market, and if the knack of knowing how to do this work thoroughly is possessed by the feeder it means that he can put fully one hundred more pounds of meat a head on cattle than his unscientific neighbor.

One of the best known of these ranches for supplying pure-bred cattle to breeders and raisers of stock for meat is in Emporia, Kansas, and I take it as example of what is being done at the others, simply because in my trip through the State last fall that was the only one I had time to visit. It is owned by Mr. C. S. Cross, and is one of the most widely known breeding-farms for Hereford cattle in this country. Here is a plant worth probably $150,000. It consists of about 1400 acres of land in the heart of what is known as the best cattle region in Kansas—a region consisting of about five counties, where "aristocratic cattle" are raised. It is a region also, one might add, where the hard times that swept over the State from 1890 to 1897 were scarcely felt. Of the three national banks in Kansas on the "honor roll" of the government, two of them are in Emporia.

To operate a plant like the Cross ranch requires an expenditure of from $18,000 to $20,000 a year. On it are about 450 cattle, of which about 125 are bulls. There are fourteen buildings on the place, and fourteen men are under salary, one of whom, the superintendent, is a veterinary surgeon, and with his family lives in the attractive farm-house. There are more than a dozen barns on the place, as many wagons, eighteen horses, and a lot of machinery. There is a water-pumping station on the ranch, and a complete system of water-works. The water is piped into every lot where the cattle are allowed to run. The cattle are divided into groups, and are kept in certain lots according to the grouping. An interesting department is what is known as the nursery, where the calves are kept until they reach the dignity of yearlings.

The task of running such an establishment as this is complicated by the large amount of bookkeeping. There is an elaborate system of registration required. Records are kept of every animal on the ranch, and are forwarded to the authorities who have charge of such matters. The first thing necessary after a calf arrives is to name it, and then to keep track of it almost every day until it is sold, and some other man has to do the bookkeeping for it. A second necessity in this record-making is to note the increase of weight in the animals. At intervals each animal is driven on the scales, and the weight is set down. This is largely for the purpose of regulating the kind of food required in developing the animal. A third requisite in caring for each animal is to make frequent tests, by taking the temperature, for the various diseases to which cattle are subject.

In this matter of the regulation of the health of cattle it will probably be a surprise to most persons to know that on a well-regulated pure-bred cattle-ranch the animals are washed regularly once a month. They are soaked and scrubbed thoroughly. It is most beneficial to their coats and skin. It has an effect precisely similar to that which a good bath has on a thoroughbred animal, whether it be dog, horse, or cat. Out on the Cross farm this matter of bathing is carried out so consistently that a separate building has just been finished there in which the stock is washed. It is called a "cow laundry," and it is pleasant to note that the idea of erecting such a building did not originate in the mind of any of those closely identified with the Cross cattle business, but came from Mrs. Cross, who one day watched the washing of the cattle in the way that is common on most of the ranches in the West. She asked why they did not build a separate building with an enormous shower-bath in it, hot and cold water being supplied by means of the machinery required to operate other branches of the plant. She suggested that the cattle be driven in a building and be made to stand on a grating of wood, and that the water be turned on them from a shower-bath as the men scrubbed the cattle.

Nobody but a woman with ideas of thorough cleansing would have thought of such a scheme for years, perhaps, and thus it was that the first "cow laundry" was erected in this country. It is a great labor-saving device. The building is sixteen feet by twenty-four in dimensions, and of course is one story in height. Two men can wash fifty head of cattle in one day by means of these shower-baths, when by the old way of dousing on water or of using a hose they could handle only fifteen.

The management of such an establishment as this calls for thorough business ability. The sale of the stock requires constant correspondence, and scarcely a day passes but some visitor to whom considerable attention must be paid arrives at the ranch. There have been visitors to the Cross farm from every State in the Union. When purchases are made there is the matter of shipment to be looked after. Occasionally a herd is imported, and this involves an exchange of foreign business and a matter of supervision that usually only a large mercantile house employs in a great city. Then there are the frequent cattle exhibitions and shows that must be attended, and at which exhibitions must be made in order to keep pace with the other live-stock dealers, and attract the attention necessary to make such an establishment as one of these ranches profitable.

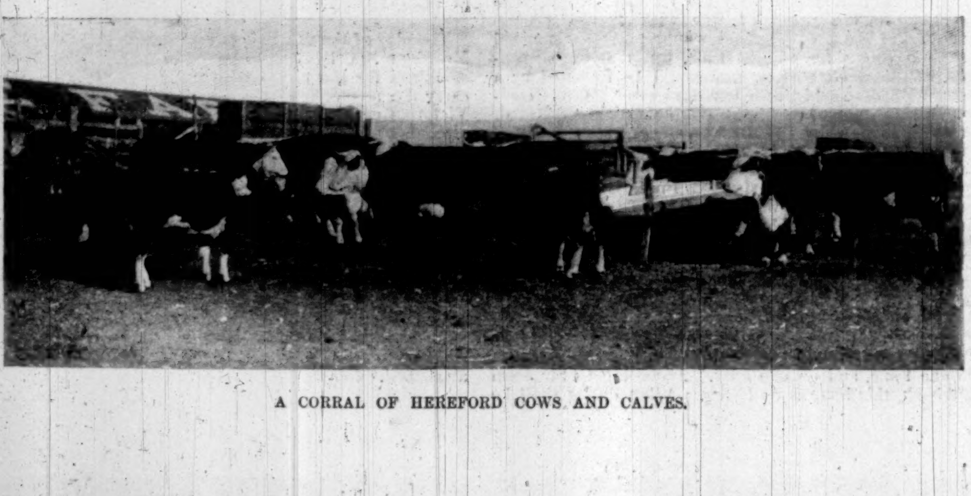
The domestic management of such a place requires first of all the ability to select a site fitted to the raising of pure-bred cattle. A sloping territory is best, with a gravel subsoil. This provides good drainage, and comparatively dry land on which the cattle may run. The next thing of importance is skill in feeding the cattle. On the Cross farm a mixture of food is used, the ingredients being varied according to the physical condition of the animals. The next requirement is to know how to care for the animals. This knowledge does not come in a day or a year. It involves a study of veterinary surgery, of hygiene, and of general farming. The successful manager of such a place knows when it will pay to raise food upon his own land, or when to buy it from others. He studies architecture, so far as it relates to the healthful and simple construction of buildings relating to the care of cattle. He plans the interior arrangements of his barns according to the number and temperament of his stock. He economizes in labor and food, and he studies his farm budget as closely as a statesman does a scheme for raising revenues for a commonwealth or a nation. He must insure his buildings as well as his stock. He must be familiar with market quotations, and also with what his rivals in business are doing, as well as know where he can probably place his stock to the best advantage. The salary of a man having such ability is larger than that of most bank cashiers, and calls for an ability that is commensurate only with the management of large mercantile enterprises. It requires labor and thorough supervision from early in the morning until late at night.

The arrangement of the barns is always an important and interesting feature of a ranch like that of Mr. Cross. In the largest barn about one hundred head of cattle are kept. It has patent stalls with fire-escape arrangements. All the stalls can be opened by a lever, and they are so arranged that exits are near at hand. The stalls are ten feet wide, and have self-feeding mangers. This main barn is 54 by 175 feet in dimensions, and attached to it is a shed more than three hundred feet long, where the cattle may stand in severe weather and get air and some exercise. Then there are calving-stables, barns for calves, a hospital, a large bull-barn, and two barns for cows separated from the other cattle for various reasons; a building where feed is prepared, which contains a gasoline engine of twenty-five horse-power, and a machine-shop for sharpening tools and repairing machinery. Dairy methods of the highest approved standards must be adopted, so far as dairying is necessary for the successful development of the cattle. And of not the least importance is the necessity of giving the animals exercise daily. So carefully is this matter studied and practised that every bull on the place is required to take at least four hours of exercise in the open air each day.

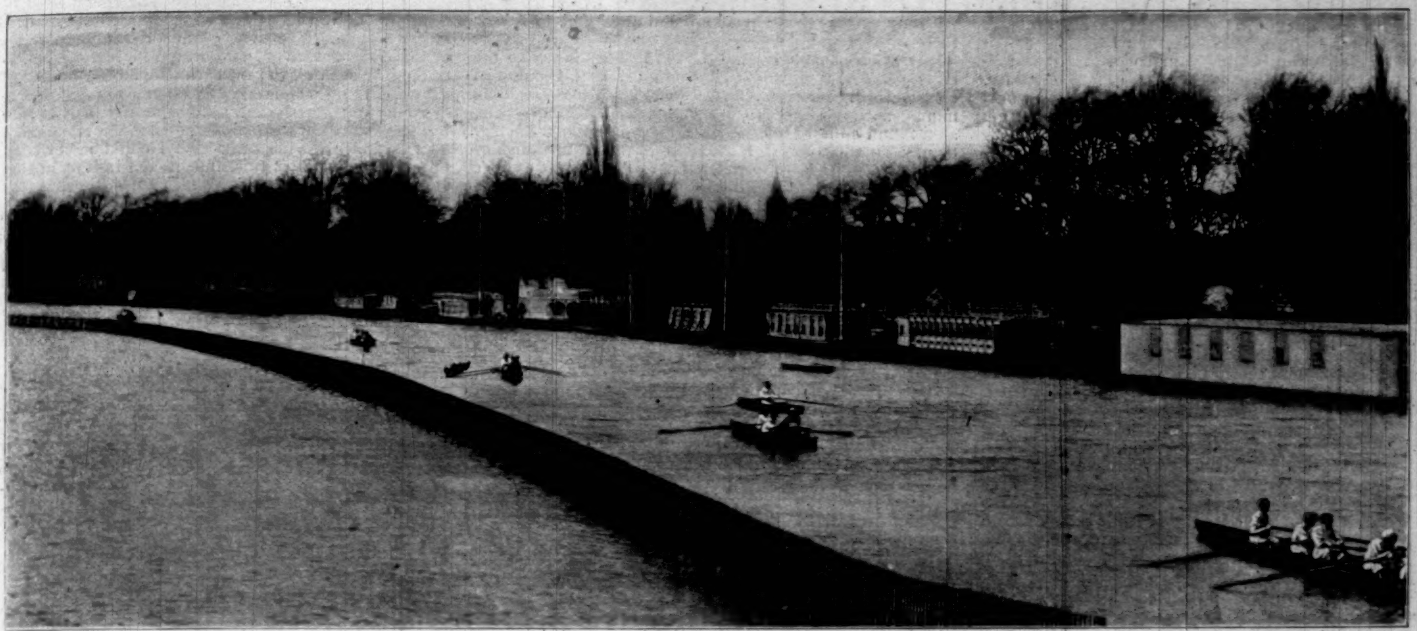
A PRIZE HEREFORD COW THAT WON FIRST HONORS IN SIX STATE FAIRS LAST SUMMER.

In looking after the hygiene of such a plant one of the most essential things is to keep the flies away from the stock. Every door and window on the Cross farm has a peculiar screen of wire, to which a sort of home-made trap is attached to catch the flies. Flies seek the light, and taking advantage of this fact, the screens are so arranged that the flies make for them, and in endeavoring to get more light fall into a trap, that doubtless many a housewife in summer-time would like to have in operation near her kitchen. Not less than a peck of flies are caught at the doors and windows of the Cross farm every day in summer. Freedom from worry on the part of the cattle means considerable more meat on their backs and more dollars in the receipts of the plant.

It is the maintenance of such establishments as these that is causing a gradual improvement in our cattle industry in the West, and enabling it to hold its own in the markets of the world. The quality of the meat must not only be improved, but the quality of the cattle themselves must be made higher each year. Cattle must be raised which have more choice meat on their frames than the old-time native cattle of the plains. Some of the breeders prefer to improve the grade of their animals by using short-horn or the Angus breeds, but there is none that does not recognize the necessity of crossing the stock with that of some pure breed, and thus steadily improving the quality of beef in this country. The Cross farm has sold its stock in no less than fourteen of our States. Doubtless other farms of the same importance have a similar story to tell. The cattle industry of the country has undergone many changes in the last ten or fifteen years, but in all the transformations none is of more importance than this method of improving the breeds of the great herds that roam on the range and afterward are fed at feeding-stations preparatory to slaughter for food.



A CORRAL OF HEREFORD COWS AND CALVES.



TUBBING IN THE NOVEMBER FLOODS—THE TOWING-PATH LIES ALONG THE FENCE.

AMATEVR · SPORT

During Mr. Whitney's *absence on a sporting tour around the world, in the interest of* Harper's Weekly, *this department will publish contributions from well-known writers upon special subjects relating to Amateur Sport.*

A HARVARD MAN AT OXFORD.

BY JOHN CORBIN.

II.—AS SEEN FROM AN OXFORD TUB.

No sight is more familiar to the American visitor to Oxford than the score of college barges that line the narrow Thames at Christ Church meadow. These, he knows, command the finish of the celebrated bumping races: if he has been at Oxford during Eights' Week he has learned to prize a seat on their roofs. And before Eights' Week is over he comes to understand in a general way that each of them is the home of the boat club of some special college. Yet, to any one interested in boating, the Oxford barges stand for much more than this. They stand for a breadth and depth of aquatic interest undreamed of in America. Each of the barges is a grammar-school of oarsmanship, where a man may learn anything, from what thickness of leather to wear on the heels of his boating-shoes to the rhythm in rowing by which alone an eight can realize its full speed; and from the barges issues a navy of boats and boating-men more than ten times as large as that of an American university. When Mr. Rudolf C. Lehmann arrived at Cambridge to coach the Harvard crew he was lost in admiration of the Charles River and the Back Bay, and in wonder at the absence of boats on it. At either Yale or Harvard it would be easy to give space to both of the fleets that now swarm on the slender Isis and the threadlike Cam. We have water enough—as a Congressman once remarked of our fighting navy—it is only the boats and the men that are lacking. The lesson we have to learn of our English cousins is not so much a matter of reach and swing, outrigger and blades, as a generous and wholesome interest in boating for the sake of the boat and of the water; and it is less apparent in an Oxford 'varsity eight than in the humblest tub of the humblest college.

I.

The first suggestion that I should go out to be tubbed came from the gray-bearded dean of my college, who happened at the time to be taking me to the Master for formal presentation. I told him that I had tried for my class crew at Harvard, and that three days on the water had convinced the coaches that I was useless. He fell a pace behind, looked at my back and shoulders, and said that I might at least try. As this was his only advice, I did not forget it; and when my tutor, before advising me as to my studies, also urged me to row, I gave the matter serious thought. I found subsequently that every afternoon, between luncheon and tea, the college was virtually deserted for field, track, and river; and it dawned upon me that unless I joined the general exodus I should become a hermit. Still, my earlier unhappy experience in rowing was full in mind, and I set out for the barge humble in spirit, and prepared to be cursed roundly for three days, and "kicked out," or, as they say in Oxford, "given the hoof," on the fourth.

Once in sight of the Isis, however, all unhappy thoughts faded in the beauty of the landscape. At New Haven the first impression an oarsman gets is said to be an odor so unwelcome that it is not to be endeared even by four years of the good-fellowship and companionship of a Yale crew. At Harvard the Charles—"Our Charles," as Longfellow spoke of it in a poem to Lowell—too often presents aspects which it would be a sacrilege to dwell upon. What the "royal-towered Thame" and "Camus, reverend sire," may have been in the classic days of English poetry it is perhaps safest not to inquire. Suffice it that to-day they are—and especially the Thames—all that the uninitiated imagine "our Charles." Nowhere does the sun stream more cheerfully through the moist gray English clouds; nowhere is the grass more green, the ivy more luxuriant, and the pollard willows and slender elms and poplars more dense in foliage. And every building, from the thatched farm-cottage at Christ Church meadow to the Norman church at Iffley, is, as it were, more native and more a part of creation than the grass and trees. The English oarsman, it is true, cannot be as conscious of all this as an American visitor. Yet the love of out-doors which has been at work for centuries in beautifying the English landscape is not the least part of the British sporting instinct. Where an American might loiter in contemplation of these woods, fields, and streams, an Englishman shoots, hunts, crickets, and rows in them.

When you enter the barge on the river you never think of comparing it to the bare, chill boat-houses of the American colleges. On the centre table are volumes of photographs of the crews and races of past years; the latest sporting papers are scattered on chairs and seats; and in one corner is a writing-table, with note-paper stamped "Balliol Barge, Oxford." There is a shelf or two of bound *Punches*, and several shelves of books—*Innocents Abroad* and *Indian Summer*, besides *Three Men in a Boat* and *The Dolly Dialogues*. On the walls are strange and occult charts of the bumping races from the year one—which, if I remember rightly, is 1837. At the far end of the room is a sea-coal fire, above which shines the prow of a shell in which the college twice won the Ladies' Plate at Henley.

The dressing-room of the barge is sacred to the members of the eights, who at the present season are engaged in tubbing the Freshmen in the hope of finding a new oar or two. At the appointed hour they appear, in eightsmen blazers if it is fair, or in sou'westers if it is not—sad to relate, it usually is not—and each chooses a couple of men and leads them out to the float. Meanwhile, with the rest of the candidates—Freshmen, and others who in past years have failed of a place in the torpids—you lounge on easy-chairs and seats, reading or chatting, until your own turn comes to be tubbed. It is all quiet like a club, except that the men are in full athletic dress.

The athletic costume is elaborate, and has been worn for a generation—since top-hats and trousers were abandoned, in fact—in precisely its present form. It consists of a cotton zephyr—which in United States is an undershirt—flannel shorts flapping about the knees, and socks, or in winter Scotch hose gartered about the calves. The sweater, which, in cold weather, is worn on the river, has a deep V neck, supplemented when the oarsman is not in action by a soft woollen scarf. Over all are worn a flannel blazer and cap embroidered with the arms of the college. This uniform, with trifling variations, is used in all sports on field and river, and it is much more necessary, in undergraduate opinion, than the academic cap and gown which the rules of the university require to be worn after dark. I was not a little annoyed to find how thoroughly my American sweaters—of which I had brought over three, relics of athletic days in America—were commented on. I was forced to buy a fourth for the sake of the collarless neck. Yet in the end I did not regret it; and it took me only a few days to see that the apparently elaborate English dress is not only the most sensible in the world, but is the best expression I know of the lazy and familiar way in which an Englishman goes about his sports. Reduced to its lowest terms, it is no more than is required by comfort and decency. With the addition of sweater, scarf, blazer, and cap it is presentable in social conversation—indeed, in the streets of the city. It is in consequence of this that an afternoon in the barge is—except for the two tubbings on the river—so much like one spent in a club.

In America an oarsman wears socks and the briefest possible trunks. If he wears a shirt at all it is quite likely to be a mere ribbon bounding the three enormous apertures through which he thrusts his neck and shoulders. Before going on the river he is likely to shiver, in spite of the collar of his sweater; and after he comes in, his first thought is necessarily of donning street clothes. There is in consequence practically no sociability in rowing until the crews are selected and sent to the training-table. A disciple of Sartor Resartus would be very likely to conclude that until American rowing adapts itself to the English costume it must continue to be—except for the fortunate few—the bare, unkindly sport it has always been.

II.

All this time I have had you seated in an arm-chair beside the sea-coal fire. Now an eightsman comes into the barge with two deep-breathing Freshmen, and nods us to follow him to the boat the three have just quitted. On a chair by the door as we go out to the floats are several pads, consisting of a rubber cloth faced with wool. These are *spongeo pilenes*, or so I was told, which in English are known as Pontius Pilates—or Pontiuses, for short. The eightsmen will advise you to take a Pontius to protect your white flannel shorts from the water on the seat; for there is always a shower threatening, unless indeed it is raining. Every one knows, however, including the eightsman, that the wool is no less important a part of the Pontius than the rubber. If it does not actually stand between you and a dinner taken from the mantel, it will at least save you from many painful impressions of the dinner form in hall. There is something to be said in behalf of comfort even in manly sport.

We are already on the river, and pair-oars, fours and eights, are swarming about us. "Come forward," cries our coach. "Ready. Paddle!" And we take our place in the procession of craft that move in one another's wake down the narrow river. Meanwhile the coach talks pleasantly to us from time to time, and in the course of an afternoon we get a pretty good idea of what the English stroke consists in. "You are hurrying, stroke. Count one on the swing, and two as you come forward. One, two, three. That's better." But presently I hit up the stroke again, and, in recollecting myself, vary it so that you are thrown out of time. "Time, bow," comes the word. "Watch stroke's right shoulder. That's better." We paddle on a hundred yards, and then: "Both of you must learn to drop your hands at the finish and shoot them free before your bodies begin to swing forward. There—not too jerkily. Remember, you are not mechanical toys." At this he laughs pleasantly, and adds, "Pardon me, but, you see, in a shell any unrhythmical motion jars.... Easy all," comes the word at last, and we rest on our oars,

Balliol.

THE LAST DAY OF THE SUMMER EIGHTS.

breathing deeply, but not in the least tired. Then follows a more detailed lecture. "Stroke, you handle your oar fairly well, but you must mind your body. Swing backward and forward in one piece from hip to shoulder. Don't bend forward at the beginning; don't fall into yourself at the finish. If you keep your back solid you get the power on in an unbroken line from your heels to your wrists—thus. If you don't keep your back solid the power is put on unevenly, and the stroke is not clean and firm. Your main fault is with your back. When you master that the other faults will correct themselves. It may seem difficult, but it is perfectly simple. Any man can learn to row with practice. Bow, you must learn not to pull with your arms. From your wrists to your shoulders you should use them no more than if they were ropes. Get hold of the water sharply and firmly, and pull the stroke through in one solid piece. Your oar will come into your chest of itself. Instead of finishing as I tell you to, you break at the elbows and pull your body up to meet the oar. That doesn't help the boat along an inch. I venture to say that your arms are quite tired. You oughtn't to be able to feel them. If you hold your body right at the finish the impetus of the boat will swing you forward without your making an effort. Besides all this, every break in the arm is likely to make a break in the even progress of your blade, and make you hoick at the finish. I know all this seems complicated, but it isn't so in the least. All you want to do is to put the power on firmly at the beginning and row the stroke through in one piece, using your legs and keeping your back solid. Any one can do it with practice."

The sun bursts through the pearl-gray clouds, and glows on the dense verdure of grass and trees. "Eyes in the boat," shouts the stern voice of my conscience; but the coach says: "Look, fellows; here's a 'varsity trial eight; watch them and you will see what the stroke is like. Those fellows in red caps belong to the Leander." Their backs are certainly not all flat, and to an American eye the crew presents a ragged appearance as a whole; but a second glance shows that every back swings in one piece from the hips, and that the apparent raggedness is due to the fact that the men on the bow side swing in one line, while those on the stroke side swing in another parallel line. They swing together with absolute rhythm and ease, and the boat is set on an absolutely even keel. Our coach looks them over critically, especially his three collegemates, one of whom at least he hopes will be chosen for the 'varsity eight. No doubt he aimed at a blue himself two years ago, when he came up, but blues are not for every man, even of those who row well and strongly. He watches them until they are indistinguishable amid the myriad craft in the distance. "It's jolly fine weather," he concludes, pleasantly, with a familiar glance at the sky, which you are at liberty to follow. "Come forward. Ready—paddle!" We are presently in the barge again with the other fellows. A repetition of this experience, after a half-hour's interim, ends the day's work.

FULL COSTUME OF A BALLIOL EIGHTSMAN.

When I tried for my Freshman crew at Harvard I was put with seven other unfortunates into a huge clinker barge, in charge of the Sophomore coxswain. On the first day I was told to mind the angle on my oar. On the second day I was told to keep my eyes in the boat, damn me! On the third day, the Sophomore coxswain wrought himself into a fury, and swore at me for not keeping the proper angle. When I glanced out at my blade he yelled, "Eyes in the boat, damn you!" This upset me so that I forgot thereafter to keep a flat back at the finish of the stroke. When we touched the float he jumped out, looked at my back, brought his boot against it sharply, and told me that there was no use in trying to row unless I could hold a flat back and swing my body between my knees. That night I sat on a dictionary with my feet against the foot-board and tried to follow these injunctions, until my back seemed torn into fillets, but it would not come flat. I never went down to the river again, and it was two years before I summoned courage to try another sport. The bullyragging Sophomore coxswain I came to know very well in later years, and found him as courteous and good-hearted as any man. To this day, if I mention our first meeting, he looks shy, and says he doesn't remember it. Yet so strange a thing is custom that if he were to coach another Freshman eight, I do not feel sure that he would vary the programme.

In order that no injustice should creep into these memoirs, I have referred this passage to the ex-coach in question. He wishes it stated that the flat back is a discarded fetich in Harvard boating circles, that even before the advent of Mr. Lehmann cursing and kicking were largely abandoned; and, moreover, that the Freshman crew which he helped to curse and kick into shape was one of the very few that won the race for which they were training. This testimony is convincing as to a change of practice, though not wholly so as to a change of heart.

III.

The second tubbing, which is the end of the day's work, is by no means the end of the social side of boating. For an interval we all scatter to our rooms, where the standing-room-only of the flat tin British bath awaits us; but meantime some one of the Freshmen is sure to have asked the rest to tea in his room; or perhaps one of the eightsmen, who dress from lockers in the barge, where they have a sure-enough shower, has asked us to join him later at the common-room of the college. In either case we spend the time until dinner sipping tea, nibbling cakes, smoking cigarettes, and especially in continuing the conversations begun at the barge.

After a few days, when the coaches have learned your name—and they usually do this before you learn theirs, perhaps because they are at liberty to ask—they send you little notes.

> DEAR SMITH,—Come to my rooms to breakfast, if you can, with Mr. Brown and me, on Wednesday, at 8.30.
>
> Yours sincerely, A. ROBINSON.

You accept at once—unless, indeed, some one else has asked you before; and then you go out to inquire of any available acquaintance whether Brown and Robinson are oarsmen or only two of the dons. If they are oarsmen, you of course find out all about them, and inquire of the porter where their rooms are. When you arrive at breakfast you spend the first quarter of an hour in trying to find out which of the familiar faces before you belongs to Brown and which to Robinson—for introductions are as scarce in England as terrapin. Other Freshmen have, of course, been invited. What with the afternoons at the barge, twilights over tea, and mornings at breakfast, your acquaintance is notably extended and strengthened.

After a fortnight of tubbing in pair-oars, the better candidates are tubbed daily in fours, and the fall races are in the horizon. At the end of another week the boats are finally made up, and the crews settle down to the task of "getting together." Each of the fours has at least one man from the torpid of the previous year to steady it, and is coached from the coxswain's seat by a member of the college eight. Sometimes, if the November floods are not too high, the coach runs or bicycles along the towing-path, where he can see the stroke in profile. If a coach swears at his men there is sure to have been provocation. His favorite figure of speech is sarcasm. At the end of a heart-breaking burst the coach will say, "Now, men, get ready to *row*"; or, while the exhausted crew are killing themselves in a futile effort to put "devil" into the finish, he will shout, "I say, fellows, wake up; *can't you make a difference?*" The remark of one coach is now a tradition—"All but four of you men are rowing badly, and they're rowing damned badly!" This convention of sarcasm is by no means old. One of the notable personages in Eights' Week is a little man who is pointed out to you as the Last of the Swearing Coxswains. *Tempora mutantur.* Perhaps my friend the ex-coxswain is in line for a similar distinction.

When the fours are once settled in their tubs the stroke begins to go much better, and the daily paddle is extended so as to be a real test of strength and endurance for the new men, and for the man from the torpid a brisk practice spin. Even at this stage very few of the new men are "given the hoof"; the patience of the coachers is monumental. And still the teas and breakfasts go on; and as you get better acquainted, the Seniors ask you informally to coffee and port in their rooms after dinner, or perhaps to dinner, with half a dozen others, at the Gridiron Club.

The tubbing season is brought to an end with a race between the fours. Where there are half a dozen fours in training, two heats of three boats each are rowed the first day, and the finals between the best two crews on the following day. The method of conducting these races is peculiar. As the river is too narrow for the crews to row abreast, they start a definite distance apart, and row to three flags a mile or so up the river, which are exactly as far apart as the boats are at starting. At each of these flags an eightsman is stationed. In the races I saw they flourished huge old-fashioned cavalry pistols, and when the appropriate crew passed the flag, the appropriate man let his pistol off. The crew that is first welcomed with a pistol-shot wins. These races are less exciting than the bumping races; yet they have a picturesque quality of their own, and they settle the question of superiority with much less rowing. The members of the winning four get each a pretty enough prize to remember the race by, and the torpidsman at stroke holds the "Junior fours cup" for the year.

The crowning event of the season of tubbing is a "wine," to which are invited all boating-men in college, and the representative athletes in other sports. In Balliol it is called the "Morrison wine," as the races are called "Morrison fours," in honor of an old Balliol man, a 'varsity oar and coach, who established the fund for the prize. The wine is held in an ancient hall of the fourteenth century. Several of the dons are sure to be present—at least in the earliest stages. Songs are written for the occasion, and speeches are permitted, if they are short enough and loyal enough to the boating interests of the college. Toward midnight the fellows clear away the tables and dance. After this the Morrison wine I saw resolved itself into a "rag in the quad," which was stopped only by daylight and the dean. The most curious thing about this affair is that it is not given, as it would be in America, by the college, or even by the men who have been tubbed. It is given by those who are finally chosen to row in the races.

To my untutored mind the hospitality of English boating seemed a pure generosity. It made me uncomfortable at first, with the sense that I could never repay it; but I soon got over this, and basked in it as in the sun. It would be gratifying to think of it still as a gift from the skies, and I am sure that it is largely a thing of pleasant living and kindly feeling. Yet at the bottom it is no more altruistic than any other human institution. The eightsmen devote their afternoons to coaching you because there are seats to be filled in the torpid and in the eight. They speak decently because they find that in the long-run decency is more effective. They invite you to tea, to breakfast, and to dinner because success on the river depends on a thorough *esprit de corps* among the boating-men of the college. Finally, the men who row in the races give the wine because they wish to honor the sport in which they have chosen to stake their reputations as athletes. In a word, where in America we row by all that is self-sacrificing and loyal, in England the welfare of boating is made to depend upon its attractiveness as a recreation and a sport. To treat the differences between the two systems in full will require a separate article.

STRIPPED FOR ROWING.

ART.

THE THIRTEENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE ARCHITECTURAL LEAGUE; THE DEL NEVO BRONZES.

IT is a very great movement to which the Architectural League is supplying the momentum and guidance. We have got beyond the stage in which what was good enough for the fathers is good enough for us, and have reached a point where we are striving to make beautiful our public buildings, city streets, and homes. But with an awakening of taste always comes that insidious fallacy that what is costly must necessarily be beautiful, and that what is big is bound to be grand. It is here that the League has proved its value, striving always as a body to raise the standard of pure taste. The work is not confined to any one of the arts. The architects may begin it, but close behind follow the sculptors and painters, the workers in stained glass, mosaics, fashioning of wood, metal, and other materials, the designers of fabrics and wall-papers, and all the art handicrafts that minister to the growing need for beautiful surroundings. Instead of each solving his problem in seclusion, the artists have united and compelled for themselves attention. Never had a body of men a greater opportunity, or was there a field whiter for harvest. The national pride and determination to have what is best, the enormous wealth, even the competition of trade, and, not least, the necessity on all sides of replacing temporary expedients by permanent structures, produce a combination of possibilities for artists of all kinds that is incalculable.

The League is doing the people's work, and the people appreciate it. This feeling after a better understanding of what is really good is not confined to any particular section of the country. Everywhere the people are moving towards improved taste, blunderingly often and with lamentable misjudgment, but with a steady net result of improvement each year. And at the head of this great moving mass is the Architectural League. Some of us may feel that, notwithstanding its broad and public-spirited policy, this society scarcely yet appreciates the enormous responsibilities which it has assumed, and is only half awake to the opportunities which lie ready to its hand. At the annual dinner—a gathering, by-the-way, attended

"ON SNOW-SHOES TO THE BARREN GROUNDS."—By Caspar Whitney.—Profusely Illustrated.—8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, Uncut Edges and Gilt Top, $3 50.

by earnest workers from other cities, for the League is catholic, and knows no limit of State or city—one of the speakers struck a strong note. He called upon the League to abandon its tendency to confine itself to criticism, and to come out boldly on public questions with a constructive policy. He was a layman, and voiced the feeling, depend upon it, of almost all his fellows. The League must have the courage of its intentions. It is not enough that its light is not hidden under a bushel; it must be set up on high as a beacon. It has taught the public to look to it for guidance.

Space will not permit a detailed account of the exhibition, but some points may be noticed. In the architectural section were shown the competing designs for the New York Public Library, and for the new buildings of the National Academy of Design and New York city College; also a few designs of office buildings and hotels and, here and there, of churches and banks. But the largest display in any one direction was of residences. It was a very gratifying one. With very few exceptions, the various designs possessed the qualities one looks for, not always with success, in a home,—asserting the dignity of the owner without pretentiousness, pleasantly diversified and yet not bizarre, and a great many of them had that homelike suggestion which beautifies a residence into a home, and that touch of refinement which should be as essential to a home as to the gentleman who owns it. The styles exhibited varied between the Elizabethan "post and pan," or timber and plaster or brick, with high-pitched roofs and massive gables, and the so-called "Colonial style." The former needs a setting of big-timbered trees, and seems to demand the picturesque environment of a straggling village. But of the beauty and fitness of the Colonial style there can be no doubt. Like the American people, it embraces what is good from many sources, and seems capable of endless versatility.

The sculptural exhibit largely consisted of memorials. It may not be wrong to single out for special mention the bronze statue of Hahnemann, by C. H. Niehaus, which will be the central feature of the beautiful memorial designed by G. Harder. It is a sitting figure draped in a gown, with one leg crossed over the other, and head resting on the right hand. It makes no sensational appeal, and yet speaks straight to one's emotions, expressing in unmistakable language of line and mass the dignity, bigness of character, and tender-heartedness of the famous physician.

The exhibition of the work of the colorists, which included the mural painters and artists in stained glass and mosaic, made an imposing effect, for the room was excellently arranged; but examination showed that the accomplishment of the past year and the promise of this one were not very adequately represented. Perhaps the exhibit which attracted most attention was that of John and Bancel La Farge, for a mosaic panel to be placed in a mausoleum. Its distinction consists in its simplicity, which will enable it to be translated into marble without loss of value, and in its superbly audacious coloring. Deep greens and blues, yellow and crimson prevail. The combination is full of vitality, and its color message is clear. From the tomb it will speak for hope and immortality more powerfully than many a sermon.

By reason of judicious arrangement greater prominence was given this year to the subsidiary branches of decorative work, the "applied arts," or "arts and crafts." It is impossible even to enumerate the diversities of them; but this improvement in the fashioning of the common every-day things—partly of necessity, partly of ornament, which are essential to every house—shows how the tide of good taste is rising. The movement is so fairly started and fits in so clearly with the main purpose of the Architectural League, that this recognition of it was very commendable.

An exhibition of bronzes recently held at the Union League Club, New York city, has furnished proof of the extraordinary success achieved by Signor Angelo del Nevo, of Rome, in making reproductions of ancient statuary and metal-work. He obtains an exact representation not only of the form in its most delicate details, but also of the patine. To secure the former he uses the *cire perdue* process, in which the mould is of wax, which is afterwards melted off, so that the wax is "lost." By this means absolute fidelity to the original form is obtained. The value of his reproduction is, however, incalculably increased by exact imitation of the original patine, that exquisite bloom of color and incrustation, as of lichen, which distinguishes antique bronzes. The incrustation is the effect of weather or more often of the statue's long burial in the soil. But the color, while it may have been refined by the touch of time, was first of all due to the fingers of the old workers, who toned the harsh glitter of the raw bronze by the application of chemicals. The process varied in different localities, so that one may come very near assigning a statue to its original environment by a study of its patine. In the case of the old Etruscan, for example, the color is a vivid white-green; in that of Pompeii a duller, less white-green; while the patine of a bronze from Herculaneum is a deep black-green; and that of old Rome a deep gray-green, and polished. In the pursuit of this lost art Signor Angelo has taken fragments undoubtedly belonging to the different schools, melted them, and analyzed their constituent ingredients, and recovered the secrets of the various chemicals. But this was, after all, only a preliminary step. The actual success has been achieved by the minute study of the originals and the patience with which the variations of color in each case are reproduced. It is in this that the artist has superseded the chemist. What has been often done in the case of medals, to palm off upon unsuspicious collectors fakes for originals, has been done by Signor Angelo openly in the cause of art. The majority of the originals are jealously guarded in the museum at Naples, where alone they can be seen, but these reproductions possess the same æsthetic charm and educational value, and should be found in every museum in this country.

CHARLES H. CAFFIN.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.—[*Adv.*]

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GOLF IN FROST AND SNOW.

In England, and especially in the south, we have enjoyed a mild winter, and golf has been proportionately popular at a time of year when frost and snow generally make it but a vexation of spirit. It is a commonplace that golf may be played at all seasons and under all circumstances. This, as a bare statement, is true, but the implied inference that it can always be enjoyed is by no means beyond dispute. There is really very little enjoyment about it when the ground is so iron-bound with frost that every slightest touch of the mother earth with the driver sends a jar all up your arm, to culminate in the funny-bone; when correct lofting play is a practical impossibility, because the iron or mashie, on the stony ground, cannot find cleavage so as go kindly beneath the ball; and when, even after these impossibilities have been miraculously overcome, and the ball appears to be lofted nicely, the manner of its pitch is entirely beyond calculation, because every lump is as hard as brick, and the ball that pitches on the hither side of a lump comes back towards you, while that which pitches on the further side runs indefinitely far. All this is tiresome; but your discomforts are even magnified when you reach the putting-greens, for here every cast that an enterprising worm has put up in the occasional intervals of thaw is converted into a stony obstacle, making all the short game a matter of pure chance. Of all abnormal conditions under which golf can be played, frost is the only one that tends in favor of the weaker player. All other species of exceptional weather—and it is an American notion that all our British weather is exceptional—works to the comparative advantage of the stronger player. Every condition, frost alone excepted, gives the better player a relatively better chance, because it makes the game more difficult. Virtually wind and rain, making scores larger all round, make the course longer; and the longer the course, the better chance has the better player of giving the statutory odds to the weaker. This is a general way of statement, of which the truth is obvious; and when the conditions are considered in more detail, the advantage on the side of the better golfer becomes only more strongly pronounced. The stronger driver can cope with the wind better, can drive further into its teeth, can control his ball better under its assaults, is conversant with little dodges of putting a little slice on his ball when the wind is from the left, and, conversely, a little pull on the ball when the wind is from the right. With due allowance made to allow the ball to curve round into the proper course, these devices give him a longer shot than is within the compass of the weaker player, whose philosophy probably does not include these niceties. Rain, adding to the general vexatiousness of the game, and making the handles of the clubs so slippery that they threaten to fly from the grip at every stroke, is a less formidable inconvenience to the strong player than to others whose game depends on all circumstances favoring them. He is more clever at taking advantage of the stopping power of the wind in playing an approach stroke boldly up to the hole, and at every turn his greater power and experience enable him to gauge the effects of the wind more nicely, and sometimes to turn actually to his favor an angle of wind that might be a direct injury to one of less ability as a golfer.

In winter we have much wind. This winter we have had our full share of it, but of frost but little. And if wind exaggerates the differences of golfing power, frost, on the contrary, is the universal leveller. It makes all men's driving nearly alike. On frost-bound ground a topped ball will run nearly as far as a well-hit one will run and carry; the weaker player, by hypothesis, more often tops his ball. Everybody's driving is lengthened in the frost, because all balls run very far on the frozen surface, but the difference between the strong and long and the weak and short is far less pronounced than under normal circumstances. Bunkers lose half their terrors, for five balls out of six will run through them, and, when lies are bad all through the green and every little cup is stony, a bunker is not, relatively speaking, such a bad place to be in. Moreover, the floor of the sand bunker will be frozen hard, so that the ball can scarcely lie smothered as when the frost is not in possession of all things. The approaching is all a matter of pure hazard; the best-laid schemes "gang aft agley," and the humble and inartistic run up or "top" up is as good as any finished achievement of golfing science. On the putting-green, in the frost, all men are equal; within certain limits of difference, golfers might as well toss up to determine their relative merits as play a match in the frost. Incidentally the frost makes the game very expensive, for both balls and clubs are apt to split.

Of course the golfer of proper enthusiasm will declare golf even under these discouragements to be a better game than any other under the most favorable auspices—such faith is part and parcel of his amiable lunacy. Thackeray said that no dinners were bad, though some dinners were less good than others. No golf, likewise, can properly be styled bad, but some is undoubtedly better than other, and among the less excellent kinds is the golf that we are sometimes compelled to play in the frost.

But even applying Thackeray's charitable maxim—who, after all, was not a very charitable man—it is difficult to discern much alleviation of the absolute badness of golf in the snow. "With red balls, my dear fellow, of course. Capital game!" says many a droner, who, during the snow, will be very careful never to leave the club fireside. He knows much too well to try, but does not mind recommending it for trial by another. But let that other make the trial, and with "red balls"—what then? In this country the snow seldom freezes very hard; it is the rarest thing in the world to be able to walk over it without sinking in. This would not matter if only it were hard enough to withstand the impact of the ball falling from its flight. But even this very relative degree of hardness is quite uncommon with us, however it may be in America. Of course a deal depends on the angle of the ball's parabola; a ball that is driven low is more likely to go on skating over the surface than one that has been driven high and falls more nearly in the vertical line. For such a ball there is no hope; and generally speaking, the ordinarily struck drive, in the ordinary condition of the snow, descends into it, and there sticks. It is not only that it sticks upon the surface like a sugar-plum on a cake, but it plunges in, so that the ball is entirely lost to sight, and all that can ever lead you to retrieve it is the discovery—by very careful marking, or by the zealous offices of a fore-caddie—of a small hole in the white surface of the snow, down which—at the depth of a foot, maybe—you are able to spy a little speck of red which is your golf-ball. You pull it out, drop and lose one—probably you have made your "own arrangements," as the rule phrases it, for such a probable contingency—then you drive off again, off the snow, and the same process is apt to be repeated. Needless to say that in three cases out of four you do not ever find the ball thus imbedded, so the round, by the time you have finished it—supposing that you survive to the end—is likely to be expensive. The putting-greens, we will suppose—for on any other supposition the game is starkly impossible—will have been swept. There you are beset by no other difficulties than those of the frozen ground, with knobs of hard-caked snow, and often the snowy castings of former golfers' boots—if you have had any predecessors in your folly. After the troubles of the long game the putting will seem tame and simple.

This is a plain unvarnished account of the beauties of the game in the snow. Really it is not worth the playing. Only one important match of which we have any record was played under these conditions—between poor "young Tommy" Morris and Mr. Arthur Molesworth. St. Andrews was the arena; the amateur was receiving a third. Having made the long journey from Westward Ho, the latter was not disposed to await indefinitely—for the snow *can* lie in the east heugh of Fife—the coming of the thaw; and the match was played. But it was a travesty of golf. "Young Tommy" won with some ease. Mr. Molesworth found it impossible to lie on the swept but frozen greens; he would pitch on and run over, or pitch short and never reach them. "Young Tommy" lofted on, and staid there, as if he had a string tied to his ball. But then "young Tommy" was a genius, and could do all kinds of things, humanly speaking impossible, with a club and ball. That is the account of the match given us by an eye-witness, and we believe that it contains the gist of the matter. In any case, it does but support our contention that golf in the snow is a game not worth the playing. If you are a genius like "young Tommy" Morris, and can tie a string to your ball to make it stop, go out and try it; but if not, sit in the arm-chair by the club fireside, and say to others, "Golf in the snow, my dear fellow? Capital game! Red balls, of course. Go out and try it."

Counsel others to try it as much as you please; admire their struggles, if you like, from the club windows; even follow them a hole or two in your snow-boots out on the links; but spare yourself, your temper, your clubs, and your red balls.

Horace Hutchinson.

REMEMBRANCE.

Under the apple bough,
  Love—in a dream of leaves—
Dreamed we of love, then, as now;
  All that gives beauty, or grieves.

Over the sad world of men
  Curved like the sky that bough.
I was in heaven, then:
  You are in heaven, now.

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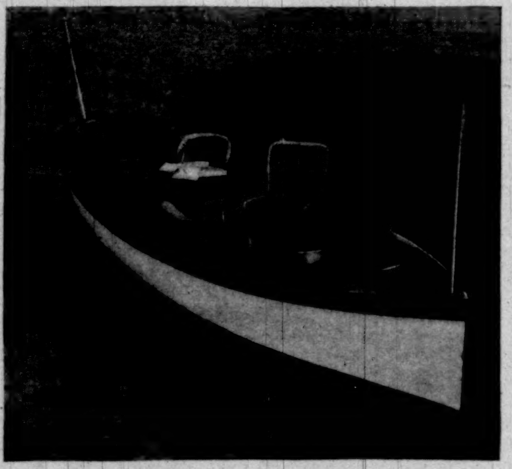

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THE SITUATION IN CUBA.

BY C. E. AKERS.

THE state of affairs to-day in Cuba differs so markedly from that existing a year ago that a short comparison of the two periods is necessary. In February of 1897 the drastic severity characterizing the policy pursued by General Weyler, in his attempt to subdue the insurrection, was at its height. The whole country was devastated in order to deprive the insurgents of the necessary food-supplies and so force them into surrender. In the towns an active campaign was carried on against all those suspected of sympathy with the rebels, and strenuous efforts were made to suppress the revolutionary centres which existed on all sides. To some extent these methods were successful in attaining the purpose intended. The insurgents in the provinces of Matanzas, Havana, and Pinar del Rio were hard pressed, and in some cases reduced to great straits for food. Medicines were difficult to obtain, and the sufferings from fever and other forms of sickness were widespread. The seditious centres in the towns were so far broken up that communication between the rebels and their friends in Havana and elsewhere in the western provinces became extremely dangerous and difficult, and for a time it was almost impossible for the insurgent aiders and abettors to smuggle out medical stores or supplies of any kind to the rebel forces.

The measures adopted by General Weyler ended, however, in defeating their own object. Severity degenerated into brutality, aggressiveness into cruelty, and, finally, the methods employed to prevent the rebels obtaining supplies into a systematic destruction of all property, without distinction, and of a nature entailing what practically amounted to the extermination of the peasant population. A system of such severity as that followed by General Weyler, in the name of Spain, in the Spanish colony of Cuba was not justified by events, and could in any case only have been tolerated if it had been supported by the most strict justice and absolute good faith. The Spanish organization in Cuba was of too corrupt and faulty a character to provide these two essential attributes, and the system itself became such an outrage on civilization that Spain was at length obliged to condemn it as impracticable, and to resort to a totally different order of procedure.

General Blanco was sent to Cuba in November last with instructions to act in the most conciliatory manner towards the Cubans, and to pave the way for the introduction of the measure of self-government which has been in force in the island since the beginning of the present year. The severe methods practised under the administration of General Weyler for a space of twenty months were immediately suspended; the order for the concentration of the country people in the fortified towns was at once abrogated; the wholesale deportations of suspected persons to Spanish penal settlements were no longer resorted to; the customary trial of insurgent prisoners by summary court martial, and their subsequent execution, was abandoned. There is, indeed, little cause for complaint to-day, so far as the treatment of Cubans by the Spanish government is concerned.

The evil effects of the severe measures pursued in 1896–7 remain, however, until now, and it is the difficulty of dealing with this question that is one of the greatest stumbling-blocks in the way of a successful outcome to the mission of General Blanco in Cuba. Those measures have left a legacy of hate amongst the insurgents in the field, and a feeling of such intense bitterness amongst the sufferers in the towns, against Spain and everything Spanish, that reconciliation between the contending parties in this fratricidal struggle would appear to be wellnigh impossible.

In one respect General Blanco has undoubtedly completely failed in his office of Governor-General of Cuba. I refer to the fact that no attempt whatever has been made by the authorities to provide relief for the population of the country districts rendered homeless and starving by the circumstances which have occurred during the last two years. The order of General Weyler that the peasants of the country districts should leave their homes and remain inside the lines of fortified towns crowded into these centres more than 600,000 people, the majority of whom were women and children without any adequate means of sustaining life. Some 300,000 of these unfortunates died last year of starvation and sickness, brought on by want and lack of all proper medical attendance. When General Blanco arrived in Cuba he ordered this inhuman law relating to the concentration of the people in the towns to be immediately suspended. This suspension of the law was not enough, and came too late to remedy the evil. These country people had been accustomed to live on their small farms, where sufficient was produced to supply all the necessary articles of food. A few head of cattle, some pigs and poultry, comprised the wealth of the family, and the products from these and the patches of cultivation were taken to the nearest market for sale. When General Blanco suspended the order for a continuation of the concentration in the towns there was nothing left of the farms for these poor creatures to return to. The homesteads had been razed to the ground, the cattle and other live-stock killed or stolen, the land covered over with the dense vegetation of eighteen months' tropical growth. Moreover, nearly all able-bodied males were in the insurrection, or had been killed in virtue of not obeying the order to move to the towns. In the circumstances, it was useless for the surviving women and children to think of returning to the localities they had formerly dwelt in, and they remained in the places they had been driven into by order of the government, where they are now dying from want and misery at the rate of thousands every week.

To give a more exact idea of the fearful mortality amongst the people in the fortified towns, I may quote the statistics for the city of Santa Clara, with a population of 14,000 inhabitants. For the six years from 1890 to 1895 the total number of deaths was 4072, or at the rate of 678 annually; in 1897, when the concentration order was in force, the total number of deaths was 6981. Santa Clara is a fair example of what has happened in other towns which have been made centres for the country people. Amongst the 300,000 destitute persons still left alive out of the 600,000 originally driven in from the country the rate of mortality is quite as great now as it was last year when the concentration order was in full force.

In the face of this national calamity, the government has taken no steps to provide relief. Anything that has been done to alleviate the distress has been the effort of private charity, or is the result of the appeal made by Mr. Secretary Sherman to the people of the United States to give aid to the starving thousands in Cuba. But private charity, together with the assistance sent from the United States in consequence or Mr. Sherman's appeal, is quite inadequate to cope with the present situation. The government is perfectly aware of the true state of affairs, and yet makes no pretence of helping. The excuse that is given for this attitude is the want of funds to carry out relief works; but a government of any country is never blind to the fact that when a famine occurs its first duty is to endeavor to mitigate the evil at any cost. In the matter of the starving population of Cuba the attitude of the Spanish government has been, and is now, nothing short of a reproach to civilization.

The plea of lack of funds does not absolve the government from the responsibility of confronting the question of help for the destitute population of Cuba. A government that can spend $100,000,000 a year for the maintenance of armed forces in this island is hardly in a position to plead poverty as an excuse not to organize relief for the hundreds of thousands of people dying of want in consequence of the direct acts of that government, and whose only fault is that they happen to be Spanish subjects. The government in Madrid and the colonial government in Havana are equally culpable in this matter, and deserving of the most severe censure for their conduct.

There is also another question involved in this unfortunate state of affairs. It is this: Private charity will soon be exhausted in Cuba as a means of providing aid to these poor people, and the sole channel of relief will be the fund raised in the United States in response to the appeal made by Mr. Secretary Sherman. It is hardly possible to expect sufficient resources from this quarter to sustain 300,000 people for an indefinite length of time. And yet if assistance from the United States fails them, the great majority of these 300,000 destitute human beings must die of starvation in the course of the next six or eight months. Are the government and the people of the United States justified in allowing this to happen?

The next point for consideration is as to what prospect there is for the re-establishment of peaceful conditions throughout the island, and the subsequent reconstruction of the industrial and economic life in the country districts. Spain hopes that the measure of self-government put into force on January 1 of this year will succeed in bringing these about. The advocates of this reform state that the concessions therein granted are fully as liberal as those contained in the British North American Act of 1867, by which Canada was consolidated into a constitutional colony, with power to regulate her own local concerns and control absolutely her revenue and expenditure. To a great extent the new constitution of Cuba is a copy of that granted to Canada in 1867, but there are certain important modifications in the act itself, and in the circumstances under which it has been granted, which make any comparison between the conditions of the two colonies practically worthless.

In the first place, the present form of government of Canada was given to that country in time of peace, and was the result of constitutional agitation. It was, furthermore, embodied in the terms proposed by those in favor of a reformed system of administration, and who constituted the sole opposition to the system in vogue previous to 1867. It never occurred to the British government to refuse to make this change, once it became apparent that the majority of Canadians themselves favored such action. In Cuba totally different conditions are found. After nearly three years of armed rebellion, the Cuban insurgents forced such a position upon the Spanish government that a measure of self-government is given in the hope that this may save the colony to Spain. But a fundamental error was made in not first ascertaining from the insurgents what concessions, if any, would be sufficiently acceptable to induce them to lay down their arms. The result of this mistake is that so far the insurgents in the field refuse even to discuss the question of making peace and returning to their houses to live quietly under the form of government now existing. The Cuban sympathizers with the revolt living in the towns raise other objections to the new régime. They say that clause 35 of the new constitution allows far too much latitude to the Madrid government in the matter of fixing the amount to be paid by Cuba for the maintenance of Spanish rights of sovereignty. Certainly this clause is opposed to all the principles of self-government, insomuch as it allows the Spanish Cortes to declare the amount of these charges, and prohibits the Cuban Chambers discussing their budget until this amount be voted. Objection is also made to clause 40, by which preferential duties are allowed to goods of Spanish origin as against those of other countries. This leaves open the door to one of the abuses that has created great discontent for many years past. A third reason for the new system having failed to attract the bulk of the Cubans is that the majority of men appointed to administer the present government have very small influence in the country, and are too pro-Spanish in their feelings to excite confidence.

The greatest obstacle of all is, however, that the Cubans nearly all presuppose bad faith on the part of Spain in her dealings with Cuba, and it is difficult to see how this difficulty is to be overcome—for the present, at all events. In course of time possibly the Cubans might come to believe that Spain is acting honestly; but what is wanted here is peace at once, and not after a lapse of years.

That the insurgents up in arms are quite decided, as matters now stand, not to accept self-government in place of the independence they have been fighting for is clearly demonstrated by the execution of Colonel Ruiz, who went to the rebel camp to try and induce the men under Aranguren to surrender, of Augusto Morales, who went on a similar mission into Pinar del Rio, and of a third emissary sent to Matanzas. Morales was tried and executed on January 28, whilst the execution of the messenger to Matanzas occurred only two weeks ago. The rebels have given notice that any further attempts to induce them to capitulate will be met with in a similar manner.

That the Spanish government does not think that there is any chance of immediate peace is very clearly shown by the fact that re-enforcements of troops are now *en route* to Cuba. In the circumstances, therefore, the conviction is forced on even the most incredulous persons that the conditions prevailing for the past three years must continue for a lengthened period in the future unless some unforeseen accident should occur to precipitate events.

The financial prospect under the new form of government is so unsatisfactory that it can hardly fail to strangle all progress and development, even if peace could be assured. Under one of the additional clauses to the home-rule constitution the public debt of Cuba, including the expenses incurred for past and future military operations, is to be borne by Spain and Cuba in such proportions as may be hereafter determined. The debt before the revolt broke out was $170,000,000 in round figures. Up to the end of 1897 the military operations cost $240,000,000. At the present time the expenditure is between $8,000,000 and $9,000,000 monthly. The total arrears now owing are about $70,000,000. At the close of 1898 the debt will be, therefore, not less than $580,000,000. The total service for interest and sinking-fund can be calculated at $35,000,000. If Spain is content to assume one-half of these obligations there still remains a yearly payment of $17,500,000 to be made by Cuba. The maintenance of the rights of the Spanish crown has to be paid for by the Cuban treasury, and to-day this is costing, as has already been stated, a sum equal to $100,000,000 annually. This cost could of course be very greatly reduced if peace were established on a permanent basis; but as the prospects of peace are more than doubtful at present, this sum of $100,000,000 annually must be allowed in all calculations for the next three years if Cuba remains a Spanish colony. The cost of the administration of the colonial government is estimated at some $15,000,000 yearly, and no doubt can be carried on for that sum if conducted on prudent lines. To meet all this heavy disbursement there is only a colonial revenue of $20,000,000, or thereabouts. Previous to the outbreak of the insurrection the revenue was a little less than $25,000,000; but Cuba was then exporting five times as much produce as is now the case, and some years must necessarily elapse before the trade of the island recovers from its present state of chaos. To sum up the matter briefly, the financial condition for the next three years under the new constitution is this:

Annual charge for service of debt	$17,500,000
Maintenance of the rights of the Spanish crown	100,000,000
Cost of colonial administration	15,000,000
Total annual expenditure	$132,500,000
Total annual revenue	20,000,000
Annual deficit	$112,500,000

At the end of three years the accumulated amount of these deficits will reach $337,500,000—clearly an impossible position to maintain for the colonial exchequer.

If Spain remains with Cuba this sum of $337,500,000 is what she will be called upon to pay between now and 1901 in order to hold her colony. Of course the service of the debt may be allowed to go into default, and the army stationed in Cuba for the maintenance of the rights of the Spanish crown may be kept unpaid for a very long period; but if such a course is taken, it only makes the position of Spain more difficult in the end.

Nor is there any very great chance of the economic condition of the island improving to any marked extent under this system of so-called self-government upheld by an enormous army sent over from Spain. There can be no revival of confidence in Cuba as a field for investment until a permanent peace is established throughout the length and breadth of the country. So long as the insurgents remain up in arms any large inversion of foreign capital into sugar-growing or other agricultural pursuits is not to be expected. Without foreign capital the reconstruction and further development of Cuban industries is practically out of the question. Then, again, a further duration of present conditions means that the working classes will continue to decrease in numbers, on account of those who are killed from time to time whilst fighting in the rebel ranks and those who die of hunger and sickness as the result of having been driven into the towns. This all means a great dearth of laborers in the future, unless the gaps can be quickly filled by immigration from abroad. With the country in the present disturbed state, it is very unlikely that this immigration will take place, and, unfortunately, the new form of government does not give any promise of the immediate restoration of law and order.

The insurrection continues in much the same way as it has done from the time when it first became formidable, in the summer of 1895. It is altogether a guerilla warfare of constant skirmishes and ambuscades, but with no attempt to bring about any general and decisive engagement on the part of the insurgents, and an incapacity to do so on the part of the Spaniards. There is no practical reason why this state of affairs should not continue for years to come, so long as the rebels can obtain supplies of arms and ammunition and Spain find the means to send out troops. The only possible solutions that are at all clearly in view to-day are that Spain may tire of this continual drain on her resources, or that the United States may step in to end the strife.

Before closing this description of the present condition of Cuba, I wish to bear witness to the admirable conduct of all the Spanish officials, both afloat and ashore, on the occasion of the terrible disaster to the United States battleship *Maine*. Many of the rescued men owe their lives to the smart way the boats of the Spanish cruiser *Alfonso XII.* were called away to render assistance. From General Blanco downwards every possible sympathy was shown to the survivors of the catastrophe, and the regret expressed was absolutely sincere. Captain Sigsbee and his officers all testify to the consideration and kindness everywhere extended to them after the accident occurred.

HAVANA, *February 26.*

HAVANA.

March 2, 1898.

THE *Viscaya* steamed slowly into this port last evening at ten minutes past six. Rockets were sent up from all quarters of the town, the reports to echo through the streets, and the smoke drifting away in spoonfuls before the wind. The wharves were lined with an excited and enthusiastic crowd, cheering the great vessel as she swung through the narrows, followed by a horde of the harbor row-boats and small tugs. Night was falling, and soon the rockets trailed tails of fire over grim Morro, and the search-light of the war-vessel picked out the lines of the excited mob of black men and soldiers, women and townsmen, crowded on roofs and wharves. It was "*Viva España! Viva la Marina de Guerra!*" from many throats. And in pitiful and mournful contrast to the stirring sight were the mast and twisted irons of our own *Maine*, in clear sight of the crowd.

It had been rumored that when the *Viscaya* arrived there would be much excitement, and that, inspired with the sight of their formidable man-of-war, Spanish feeling would run high against Americans. At the time of the *Viscaya's* entrance, and at the height of the excitement, I was crossing the harbor in the ferry-boat from La Regla. The boat was crowded, and I stood on the forward deck, packed close by Spanish officers and soldiers and a wharf rabble. We passed close to the *Maine*, and beyond was the *Viscaya*; no word of Americans or of the United States was spoken within my hearing.

New York papers of February 21, 22, and 23 have reached Havana. The tenor of certain Cuban despatches and their misstatement of fact have disgusted the American residents of this port with the methods pursued by these journals. An article to the effect that General Lee had advised American families to leave Cuba before it was too late, and that he himself would leave the island within twenty-four hours, was pure fabrication. There have also been published in the States despatches saying that it was unsafe for Americans to remain in Havana.

These statements are unwarranted and sensational reports, without foundation. There are no signs of hatred or feeling against Americans in this port. We walk the streets alone and at night, apparently in perfect safety, and there is no authentic report that an American has been molested for political reasons. The people of Havana are behaving well in this particular. They are an emotional people, and while there is no question but that they consider us as enemies, who are responsible in a great measure for the Cuban successes, they hold themselves well in check.

They are a people that some occurrence, one perhaps of no great importance to the main issues under consideration, might at any moment inflame to passionate action. The printing of the above-mentioned despatches to New York, for instance, would pave the way to outbursts of ill feeling if these papers were largely read in Havana. But they are not; a few foreigners see them, and certain Cubans and Spaniards who read English, and there their circulation stops. If some Havana paper could publish translations of certain articles that have appeared in the American press, the result upon the people would doubtless be one to be feared; but this they cannot do, even were they inclined, because of the censor.

La Lucha of February 26 contains an admirable article on this matter. With every reason to provocation, this state of affairs is thoroughly and dispassionately reviewed and deplored in courteous language. "Fortunately for Spain and the United States," says *La Lucha*, "this agitation, produced by such mischievous methods, has been leavened, for the present, by the good sense of the government and of the saner mass of the people of that country. We trust that this failure, contrary to all the hopes of those who instigated this pernicious policy, will lead them to be more moderate in the future." *La Lucha* further speaks of the good and quieting effect on the excitement prevailing in the United States of the tact, discretion, and prudence displayed from the beginning by General Lee and Captain Sigsbee.

Captain Sigsbee, all through his most trying and agonizing experiences, treated the many persons with whom he was brought into communication with the utmost courtesy and consideration, and the newspaper correspondents in Havana can only speak well of him and of their treatment at his hands.

The tranquillity of Havana during the last ten days, and the absence of authentic news, would lead a casual observer to doubt the seriousness of the situation. Of course interest centres around the court of inquiry and its findings. Down in the harbor, and slowly settling into the soft mud, is the tangled and twisted mass of metal that was the *Maine*. Anchored close to her until Saturday was the United States light-house-tender *Mangrove*. The court of inquiry, composed of Captain Sampson of the *Iowa*, formerly chief of the Bureau of Ordnance; Captain Chadwick of the *New York*, formerly chief of the Bureau of Equipment; Lieutenant-Commander Potter, executive officer of the *New York*; and Lieutenant-Commander Marix, executive officer of the *Vermont*, who is judge-advocate—lived on board the *Mangrove*, and daily examined witnesses and heard the reports of the divers. This court convened on Monday, February 21, and its work proceeded without break until Saturday, February 26. The court has preserved the utmost secrecy as to its proceedings and the results obtained, and the most strenuous efforts of the newspaper correspondents have not availed to bring to light any reliable information as to what has been ascertained.

The court of inquiry sailed from Havana to Key West on Saturday evening, February 26. If the court has finished its work here, and has arrived at a conclusion as to what caused the destruction of the *Maine*, this fact has not got out in Havana. It seems highly improbable that the examination made by the divers of the *Maine's* hull has been sufficient to determine whether the explosion was internal or external. It is not believed that this could be accomplished in one week. So if the court of inquiry has reached a decision in the matter, it has found the forward magazine intact, or made some discovery other than what could result from a general examination of the hull.

The feeling in Havana toward the board of inquiry is one of confidence in its judgment and fairness; while some of the newspapers assure their readers that the findings of this court will result in proving that the *Maine* was blown up by accident, others ignore the importance of the investigations being made in this harbor, and still print descriptions of the fatal occurrence purporting to come from eye-witnesses.

The naval divers have continued their work during the court's absence. The divers have been hindered in their work by the following conditions. The murkiness of the water, which impairs the power of the electric lamps. They can see but a few feet under water, and the lamp requires the use of one hand, which could be better employed. The bed of slime and soft mud in which the wreck is sunk renders the work difficult, and examination is further impeded by the twisted and distorted mass of iron-work, shattered and torn out of all shape, among which the divers must pass.

Considering these conditions, it seems improbable that the divers, in the time that they have been at work, could have ascertained from the direction taken by twisted and battered plates and armor, by the evidences of that part of the hull shattered beyond all recognition, whether the explosion came from within or without. If a huge building, by reason of faulty construction, crumbled and fell into a mass of unrecognizable ruins, it would be as hard to determine which was the first pillar to fall. If the court of inquiry has come to any conclusion on this matter, this decision would have to be formed from the finding of the forward magazine intact. Divers could have reached this magazine in a week, and if it was found intact, the matter of the blowing up of the *Maine* might be determined.

But there is no light on the matter; at best all is conjecture, and conjecture based on rumor.

If it could be conclusively proved that this harbor of Havana is or is not mined, much would be gained. The court of inquiry has been trying to ascertain this. Just what efforts it has made in this direction it is impossible to say. It has, of course, made no general examination of the harbor bottom. All efforts must have been confined to the immediate vicinity of the wreck, or as far out from it as a diver can proceed along the bottom of the bay without the fact of his having done so being noted by the Spanish authorities, who would undoubtedly interfere in any such action. It would be well to say here that the Spanish authorities have not hindered this work of investigation. There was some discussion when the question of a joint examination was raised, but since the arrival of the court, and its acceptance with confidence and trust by Spain, no obstacles have been put in the way of the naval officers who are conducting the examination.

There is no doubt but that the men of the *Maine* suspected the mining of Havana Harbor before the explosion. The possibility was recognized, and is evidenced by the fact that to Lieutenant Jenkins, who was killed, was given the duty of making an investigation into the matter.

The Spanish, after having asked and obtained from Captain Sigsbee permission for their divers to examine the wreck of the *Maine*, have sent their men down. They began work to-day. They will report the result of their investigation to a Spanish naval committee.

A wrecking-tug of the Merritt-Chapman Company arrived in Havana this morning, March 2. It is said that this boat will assist the *Right Arm*.

Regarding the final report of the court of investigation, conservative men in Havana believe it is very possible that this report will be to the effect that the cause of the explosion is a mystery, that the court has not been able to arrive at a conclusion from the examination it has been possible for it to make, and that the truth of the matter will only be learned when the hull of the battle-ship is raised and clear to the eye. This result of the present work is admitted as very possible by a member of the court of inquiry. But it is manifest that the actual result of this investigation will be kept from the public until the government itself reveals it.

Reports have been published of interviews with naval officers, survivors of the *Maine* and others, in which these gentlemen were reported as being of the opinion that the explosion was from the outside of the war-ship. It should be remembered that an admission to the contrary might be held to imply a negligence of duty and laxity of discipline on board the *Maine*, and that *esprit de corps* and a desire to repudiate the implications would naturally lead these men to favor the evidence of an outside agency.

The reliable reports as to what the divers find are confined to the salvage of property and the recovery of bodies.

The chaplain of the *Maine* has attended to the burial or transshipment of recovered bodies. The remains are in many cases so mutilated and dismembered that it was necessary to convey them to the cemetery in sacks. On the 23d certain passengers of the *City of Washington*, that was moored close to the *Maine* on the night of the explosion, were examined by the court. The *Bache* left this port on the 24th for Dry Tortugas; on board were four of the sailors of the *Maine*, who were well enough to be moved. Since then all of the wounded men have been taken to Key West. While in Havana they received the best of attention.

On February 24 the wrecking-tug *Right Arm* anchored close to the wreck, on the port side aft, and began the work of salvage. Various articles of furniture were recovered, among them Captain Sigsbee's desk containing papers and documents. On the afternoon of the 25th the *Right Arm* began the work of taking out all the remaining bodies.

It was an impossibility to send the bodies of the dead men back to the United States before the zinc coffins were provided for burial. They were horribly dismembered, many were unrecognizable, and the delays incident to obtaining the permission of the health authorities to send the bodies to this country would have prevented the carrying out of any such undertaking.

The Cementério Cristóbal Colon is about four miles west of Havana. It is within a mile of the sea, and lies on the flat land that stretches back from the water's edge. It is the largest and most important of Havana's cemeteries. From the massive stone arch that is the entrance a broad avenue lined with shade trees leads to the church in the centre of the enclosure. Some three hundred yards to the left of this avenue, and midway between the gate and the church, is the plot of ground allotted to the dead of the *Maine*. Partially filled trenches and heaps of red earth are what is seen to-day. The men are buried in separate coffins; the coffins are laid side by side and four deep in each grave.

The city authorities of Havana did all in their power to aid in the burial. Every facility was offered, and they were most efficient in the handling of so many dead. The experiences and necessities of the last two years helped them in this particular. Protestants were buried with Catholics in the same holy field, and this is a rare occurrence and a great concession in Catholic countries. The Bishop's presence at the interment was extraordinary. It is very seldom that the head of the Catholic Church in Cuba goes in person to the cemetery.

The graveyard is a mass of green, tropical verdure, broken by the gleaming white of the many stones and marble columns. From the gate a brown bare plain stretches down to the sea, that is blue and sparkling in the sunlight, and flecked by the white-caps in the afternoon breeze.

None of the sailors of the American vessels recently in this harbor—the *Mangrove*, the *Fern*, and the *Bache*, was allowed shore leave. The ships' business on shore, such as the getting and delivery of mail, has been attended to with despatch by the proper officers, and there has been no conflict or unpleasantness between the American sailors and the people of Havana. Americans walk the streets of this city with perfect freedom and safety.

Every paper in Cuba is censored before publication, and every despatch must be submitted to the censor, to receive the stamp of his approbation, before the telegraph company will transmit it.

Despatches are submitted in the original, accompanied by a Spanish translation. Changes made by the censor in the Spanish must be recorded in the original, and again examined.

All papers coming into the country are examined by the censor. Those containing allusions detrimental to Spain and Spanish proceeding, or anything that the government desires to keep from the eyes of its people, are burned. Many sacks of mail are destroyed every day.

The most important and latest news at this writing of the insurrection is as follows: General Castellanos, with 2400 men and 400 horses, attacked 3000 insurgents who were strongly posted above Camino Real y Cuba, in Puerto Principe province. The fighting lasted from the 18th to the 22d of February, inclusive. The despatch cites five days of successive victory for the Spanish arms.

The insurgents had eighty-seven killed and ninety-four wounded. They lost Colonel Alvaro Rodriguez, Comandante Angel Recio, and other officers. The Spanish captured thirty-four horses, many arms, and goods of war; they had seven men killed, three officers and seventy-three men wounded. This admission of Spanish losses is a very large one, and it should be remembered that this news is censored. It is probably true that there was much hard fighting in Puerto Principe, and that General Castellanos handled his men ably, and prevented a defeat. It has been recommended that he be decorated for his services in this action.

Senator Redfield Proctor, of Vermont, who arrived here on February 26, has been conferring with Mr. Lee, but there is no authentic information as to the nature of his mission here. He breakfasted with Miss Clara Barton, who is in charge of the distribution of the American relief in Cuba, and leaves Havana to-morrow, March 3, for a short trip into the interior. He will go to Matanzas and Pinar del Rio provinces. He says his trip is one of personal investigation only.

The number of correspondents in this city, all under great pressure to get news at any price, has created a demand for rumor that is being supplied by interpreters and others with advantage to themselves. The situation is without news on the principal issue, and so it will necessarily remain until the court of inquiry makes its report.

The disaster to the *Maine* is no longer the main topic of conversation among the people of Havana. Mazzantini, the bull-fighter, now fills the public interest.

HAROLD MARTIN.

WASHINGTON.

March 7, 1898.

POPULAR interest was freshly stirred this morning by the news that Spain had requested the recall of Consul-General Lee from Havana, and that the President had positively refused the request.

When General Lee was in Washington last year he offered to resign, as his very candid utterances had caused some friction between himself and former Secretary Olney, leading almost to his recall. President McKinley, however, urged him to remain at his post, giving him two specific instructions: First—to avoid all unnecessary offence to the Spanish authorities; and second—to be absolutely immovable in resisting any trespass upon the rights of American citizens. Since that visit it is understood here that he has been particularly circumspect in both conduct and speech, and as no proof was forth-coming that he had violated his instructions, the President refused to disturb him. An official despatch from Minister Woodford in the afternoon, however, announced that Spain had withdrawn her request for General Lee's recall on learning of President McKinley's stand.

Another grievance which Spain has laid before our government has to do with the choice of two naval vessels, the unarmored cruiser *Montgomery* and the unarmored gunboat *Nashville*, to carry a cargo of supplies to Matanzas and Sagua for the sick and starving Cuban reconcentrados. Public sentiment at these ports is so strongly in favor of intervention by the United States that Spain is evidently fearful that the arrival of our war-ships, even as light vessels as the two named, and bound on an errand of mercy, may be seized as a pretext for an embarrassing demonstration. As our only available light-house tender, the *Fern*, was engaged in the salvage operations on the *Maine*, it was thought best by the President and the Secretary of the Navy to hold to the original programme.

The same sort of a protest, it may be recalled, was made in the case of the *Maine* when it was first proposed to send her on her visit to Havana, but was withdrawn in an apparently friendly spirit as soon as the administration announced its final resolution. At a late hour this afternoon it was decided to let the *Montgomery* relieve the *Fern*, and to send the *Fern* with all the supplies.

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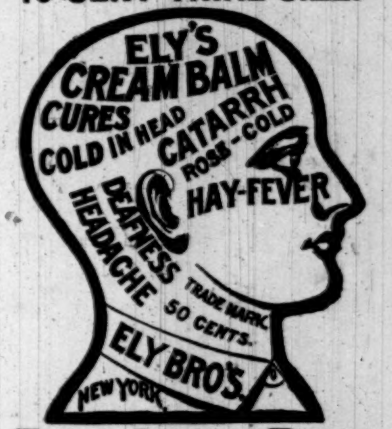

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